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## EDUCATION AS A MEANS OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

If the education of opinion be of vital importance to the peace, enlightenment, and religious welfare of a country, so is that less refined but more practical education which is, indeed, essential to the more material and tangible interests of a nation. The one refines and purifies the national mind; the other enlarges it, renders it robust, stores it with knowledge, and plants the germs of wealth in a soil which, however rich, would, without this aid, produce only coarse and rank weeds. Our endeavour will now be to enforce this truth. We shall deal with this subject plainly, shall strengthen our remarks by simple arguments, and illustrate them by homely imagery. Truth is, in these matters, of more value than eloquence. Eschewing, therefore, all effort at elegance and glitter of language, we shall attempt to show the alliance which exists between national education and national prosperity; to prove that the one increases in proportion as the other spreads its dominions; and to awaken, or fortify where it has already been planted in the mind of the reader, the conviction that knowledge is power—power which, as we have formerly remarked, may be turned to evil ends wherever there exists a defective system of education.

Society being composed of successive strata, the uppermost of which is no more important than the lowest, it must be obvious that the mental and physical culture required by one class would not act with equally beneficial results on all the others. From the pinnacle to the base of this great pyramid of humanity we find a visible connection, linking one order of men to another, so that the pressure on the lowest is communicated upwards, from one through the next, until the whole mass is acted upon by an agency which appears on the face of it mysterious, but is, nevertheless, susceptible of easy explanation. Consequently, when what are termed the lower orders of the community are enlightened by knowledge—rendered wealthy, indeed, by the possession of that great instrument, and no less powerful than wealthy—it is against the nature of things to suppose that the self-styled upper classes will consent to remain in the rear of the age when they should be marching in the van. Such a combination of circumstances, indeed, would, if it were possible, prove somewhat subversive of the foundations of society and social order; for the most enlightened and intelligent of the community would rise and float on the surface; whilst in proportion as they ascended the classes formerly superior would sink, and occupy the vacated depths.

As trees of slow growth and vigorous constitution throw forth the most numerous ramifications, so education, which seldom makes a swift advance towards maturity, divides itself into many branches, springing from the same root, and nourished by the same vital principle, which is the innate yearning of nature towards perfection. This feeling is the parent of another, which is the spirit of emulation; for few will willingly consent to remain behind, when others, possessing no artificial advantages or privileges, are leading the van of progress. This idea, conjointly with the love of perfection, which includes in

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itself the hope of reward, causes mankind to tend towards improvement in the branches of science, art, and industry, which make up the great sum of human occupation.

Whatever may be the degree of perfection to which other arts and sciences may have progressed, it is evident that a community can be neither happy nor prosperous unless well and wisely governed. Good government, indeed, is, in many respects, the nurse of prosperity, the source from whence flow peace, content, and wealth. Here, then, we have at once a great branch of education which should be invested with the importance to which it may justly lay claim, and be urged forward with all possible speed towards maturity. But the problem is one which has confused the greatest minds through all ages and in all countries. Many nations have prospered in other matters, have been well governed in some respects, and yet have fallen to ruin and decay because the system of rule was incomplete, because the vast and complicated machine had not been perfected, because the theory had not been reconciled with practice. The solution of this question has been sought by the master-minds of all ages more diligently and with greater earnestness than, perhaps, any other; yet can we say that it has been found in all its clearness and perfection? Far from it; and if so, then it must be evident that complete prosperity—within which term we embrace all that tends to the moral and mental welfare of a country, all that is of importance to its practical and tangible interests, to elevate it in the scale of humanity, to render its people contented and enlightened,—this complete prosperity, we say, can never be arrived at until we perfect our theory of government, and learn to rule as well as to be ruled. Immense diversity of opinion exists on this subject. We have our peculiar views, and so have most persons; but we shall not here attempt to elucidate a theory which it might require volumes to explain. Besides, this is not at present our purpose. How, then, is the necessary result to be reached? This is too comprehensive a question to be replied to in full. Obviously, however, as all knowledge of this kind must be based on experience, it is the study of history—not only that history which records the lives of kings, the struggles of nations, battles, conquests—the rise and fall of dynasties and empires, but the complete chronicle of the human family, which will lay before us the surest data on which to build our theory. We may mark how one system prospered, and how another was the source of evil; how one was complete in some of its parts and deficient in others; how one was adapted to this stage of civilisation, to this set of national characteristics, and another to that. From these, and countless other land-marks, we may observe what has benefited humanity and what has not; and then, if our mind be equal to the task, considering the character of our own age and our own civilisation, we may form some idea approaching the truth, which has been sought with so much labour, and, in comparison with that labour, with so little success.

In the next place, a theoretical system of government, however wise in itself, will be neutralised by its defective practical development. The most able architect can raise no noble structure without proper materials at his disposal and skilful artificers at his command. Accordingly, having built up our theory of government, we must turn to its practical application, and to that end must select those whose education and ability point them out as fitted for the task. This, though an allied, is yet a distinct branch of the subject. The education which prepares men for the philosophical development of a political theory may not fit them for administration. The rulers are seldom they who originated the system of rule. They carry into execution an idea which is laid before them; and much, in peace, in content, in happiness, depends on their ability to fill the office, and their virtue to ensure its honest performance. As ability is a gift, and virtue a plant which finds its root in the heart, and is nourished by religion, knowledge is the great desideratum with those who administer the affairs of a country—knowledge, we mean, of a peculiar class, which fits them for the occupation; not a mere acquaintance with facts, but a philosophical knowledge, which may be gathered from the works of those profound and ma-

jestic minds which glitter in the distant and dim horizon of antiquity, and from the essays of those great men who, possessing, perhaps, less reach of thought, less fertility of ideas, less scope of intellect, but enjoying the advantages of a new and a better civilisation, of a more enlarged and varied experience, were enabled to graft the philosophy of antiquity on the superior knowledge of modern times. As, however, we must content ourselves chiefly with indicating the objects of education, without attempting to point out the path by which they may be attained, we forsake this subject almost as soon as we have suggested it, and turn to that which, allied with knowledge, is the most powerful instrument of civilisation—we mean religion. This it is which fills men's minds with the spirit of peace and charity, which nourishes in them the desire for perfection, which renders them worthy of the benefits which good government can confer, which heals all wounds of adversity and disappointment, and which, where it pervades the mind of an entire people, is the prolific parent of happiness and prosperity. Consult history, and observe whether nations have become wealthier, more powerful, more contented, more civilised, during the reign of infidelity. Experience contradicts the presumption. Religion, whether of a true or false nature, but still a religion, has ever been the basis upon which prosperity has been built; for in its absence come looseness of morals, profligacy, consequent enervation, a love of luxury, pomp, and pride, at the same time with a submission to slavery, which have appeared on the face of all great empires previous to the consummation of their ruin.

If, then, the cloudy and false religions of antiquity—for it is to antiquity that we here allude—and the imperfect creeds, entangled by ignorance and mystified by superstition, which reigned during many ages after the death of St. Paul,—if these, we say, contributed to the social improvement, enlightenment, and harmony of mankind, then what must be the condition of a state where the Christian religion, in all its majestic purity, with all its charity, and the spirit of love and good will upon which it is based, holds undisputed dominion over the national mind? This condition of humanity, in its highest degree, is what we never may witness; but, assuredly, if we cannot reach perfection, we may approach it; and, consequently, nothing is more sincerely and devoutly to be desired than a general and correct knowledge of religion. Here, therefore, we have another great branch of education. From the highest dignitaries of the Church, to whom it is given to watch and provide for the spiritual necessities of the community, to the meekest and humblest, the poorest, and most ignorant listener in the village house of worship, all may become the recipients of some portion of that which we call religious knowledge. This is an important part of the subject, and one which ramifies into various channels, through which we cannot pursue it. The reader, however, who tasks his imagination for a moment cannot fail to call up before his mind's eye the extent of this question—how it breaks into branches, and spreads itself from its fountain source, the Scriptures, through its conducting channel, the Church,\* over all the fields and pastures it is intended to irrigate, which are the masses of the community.

With a philosophical theory of government, with a wise administration, with a pure and respected religion, the State is in a condition to foster those branches of education—less comprehensive as they are, but still most necessary and useful—which contribute to the material prosperity of a nation. And first among these, as the parents of wealth, we must mention industry and its twin-brother, commerce. In commerce, knowledge is necessary to indicate the spots from whence to obtain materials upon which industry may work, to regulate the system of traffic, to comprehend the nature and properties of the earth's productions, to understand the character of the races with whom trade is carried on, to be acquainted with the geography of the world, and, in a word, to

\* By "Church" we do not mean purse-proud primates, a bench of bishops, and a clergy composed partly of millionaires and partly of beggars, but a system of houses of worship, where Christian teachers preach the gospel to the poor.

regulate the motions of that great flood of commerce which ebbs and flows, and flows and ebbs, in everlasting reiteration to and from all quarters of the globe. There is a philosophy in trade as in most other things, and recent experience proves how difficult it is thoroughly to comprehend it in all its bearings and relations. Of what importance is it to the welfare of the human race; and therefore of what importance is a knowledge of its theory and practice. This, a fourth great branch of education—which, like the others, subdivides itself very minutely, and among the principal of its offspring—is navigation, to teach us to defy wind and wave—to carry the keels of our commerce to the most distant shores, across the most dangerous seas—to select the shortest and safest routes—to understand the changes of tide and weather, and to learn to profit by the multiplied and varied accidents of nature. The branches of industry are so countless that we shall not attempt detail. Commerce brings the materials of it to the workman's door; he fashions them for adornment, or utility, or consumption; and commerce is again called in to distribute them over all the globe, among all the races of the earth. It must be clear that those nations to whom the greatest amount of knowledge of a practical kind has been imparted will be able to produce the most valuable, most useful, and, consequently, the most perfect fruits of industry.

Civil and criminal law, the science of medicine, and the arts of sculpture, painting, and poetry,—all these, with their numerous subdivisions, fall within the range of this great subject. Justice, to determine the relation of man with man, of class with class, to allay discord, to defend the wronged, to punish the guilty, and to hold its shield even before the criminal; medicine, to prevent or stay the ravages of disease; art, to chasten and ennoble the national mind, to inspire it with high impulses, to create in it a pure and elevated taste. After these—perhaps more important than all, because it influences all—we must speak of literature. It may be said to indicate the colour of the national mind. If the literature of a country be debased and impure, or trivial and mean, the character of the country will bear corresponding features. If, on the contrary, it be elevated and refined, lofty and noble, it may be regarded as gratifying evidence of the advancement of civilisation. These and many others form the channels through which the grand system of education might pour enlightenment upon a people. That the proper culture of knowledge tends to useful results is a truth which few at the present day will deny. The questions now raised are most frequently, of what kind, to what extent, and in what manner should the education of the country be pursued? We answer that there are many general subjects of universal importance, a knowledge of which, communicated to all classes of society, would act beneficially on the whole. Among the most important of these is religion, a true knowledge of which is no more essential amid the glitter of a court than amid the squalor of an Irish hamlet. Several minor points there are—too many, indeed, for enumeration. But there are also numerous specific branches of education which it would serve no useful purpose to diffuse universally. We would not teach the ploughman mathematics, except as a means of raising him above the plough; we would not teach the paviour astronomy unless his ambition prompted him to endeavour to lay aside the rammer to take up the telescope. The objects of education are various and multiplied as its branches; and to discriminate wisely in the diffusion of this great benefit requires wisdom almost equal in extent to the grand results aimed at.

The position we maintain may be reduced to a very simple proposition. Nothing can be accomplished unless we know the means of accomplishing it. Some know this worse and some better, and in proportion to their knowledge is the perfection of the result. It must be clear, therefore, that in a country where education has made greatest progress—education, we mean, in its largest sense—the sum of the national prosperity, domestic, industrial, and commercial, will be increased. If nothing can be advanced in contradiction of this remark, then our surprise must be great that so much apathy exists with respect to this subject.



L'Abbé Fleury, in his curious work,\* makes some excellent observations in connection with this question, which may lose some of their point in our translation, but of which our readers cannot fail to perceive the force :—

"When I see a man who has spent his life in the study of Greek or Latin, but who cannot speak French; who is acquainted with the history, the manners, and the laws of ancient Rome, but who knows not how France is governed, nor what is its present condition; who pretends to know all the subtleties of logic, but can persuade no one, because all his arguments are based on unknown principles and expressed in obsolete terms, I am by no means surprised that such a man is held in little estimation."

In our own days we term such a man a mere pedant, a walking encyclopædia of unavailable knowledge. Abbé Fleury evidently held the same opinion with ourselves. No less excellent are his observations on the admiration excited by education, which he prefaces by the remark :—"Il en est de meme à proportion de gens d'épée, ils ne croient pas être obligés savoir aucune étude, et soit en se méprisant aux memes par ironie, soit en méprisant ouvertement les gens de lettres, ils sont assez entendre qu'ils ne croient en valoir moins pour être ignorant." "It appears to me," he goes on to say, "that it is necessary in the first place to examine what is study, and what is the object proposed by the student. To collect a mass of facts, even with great labour, and to distinguish oneself above the common order of men by knowing what others know not,—all this is not sufficient to constitute a student, otherwise we might term it *study* to count all the letters in a book, or all the leaves of a tree; this would be a laborious task which would result in a singular knowledge. It would be a ridiculous, while it would be neither a useful nor an agreeable occupation."

Our author then goes on to argue that education to be valuable must be susceptible of a practical application, and that every one should seek that knowledge which will aid him in his particular walk of life; for, he says, we should ridicule a young artisan, who, during the time of his apprenticeship should employ his time in drawing or playing on any instrument instead of learning his trade. He would answer by saying that it was pleasant to him, and that painting and music are more noble arts than the craft of the carpenter or locksmith. "Leave all that," we should reply, "to musicians and painters. The time you devote to it retards your progress in the branch of knowledge which will be really useful."

"Your education," continues Abbé Fleury, "is the apprenticeship of your life; you learn to become an honest man, and skilful in the trade or profession which you embrace. Apply yourself to what will make you so, and console yourself for your ignorance of what is placed beyond your reach, and desire no more than to be happy." "But grammar, poetry, and logic please me; I derive great pleasure from the study of languages, in the knowledge of etymology, and from reflections on the various manners of men. I delight in judging of style, in examining the rules of poetry; I am fond of those deep speculations on the nature of reason, and those exact calculations which lead to a just conclusion." "There is reason in what you say, all this knowledge is pleasant; it is honest, and may, to a certain extent, be useful; but the danger is, in allowing them to make captives of your mind, to lead you from the path of your allotted duty."

We, to a certain degree, coincide with this master, but are far from depreciating in the artisan, or in any individual, whatever his occupation, a certain knowledge of a more refined and elegant character than that which is absolutely necessary to the pursuance of their industrial duties. Of religion and morals, as we have said, all should possess as far as possible, a complete knowledge. This is equally essential to all, though its possession by some particular individuals may be more valuable to the public at large. Abbé Fleury appears to place next in importance to this education, which may be termed the culture

\* "Traité du Choix et de la Méthode des Etudes."

of the mind, the outline of the body, which enables the individual to perform vigorously the various duties to which his position in life may call him.

Our readers will not find it difficult to conceive in what manner we connect national education with national prosperity. The skilful physician is in most instances more successful in his profession than the ignorant quack. Knowledge gives distinction, and distinction brings wealth. What is true of the individual is also true of the country at large, which, being made up of an aggregate of individuals, is obviously benefited by the same processes which would benefit a single person. Whether, therefore, it be in government as a theory, or its practical administration, to render the nation peaceful and contented, or commerce to render it wealthy, or industry to supply that commerce, or justice to regulate its domestic economy, or medicine to render it healthy, or art to ennoble its taste, or literature to teach, guide, and mould its opinions, or whatever other ramification into which knowledge may branch, it is still *the essential*, without which nothing can arrive at any degree of perfection, and consequently no one can prosper. The thing itself is evident. Take a homely illustration, and suppose two markets where the produce of the loom, or any other instrument of industry is exposed to the world for sale; in one the manufactures are coarse and rude, of rough and incomplete fabrication; in the other they are fine, of costly workmanship, of soft texture, and may, moreover, be sold at a price not far exceeding that of the coarse production of inferior industry. To which of these markets will commerce come to buy? If to the inferior, then knowledge is truly of little value; but if not, then can any argument can be adduced against a national—in other words, an universal system of education? If no such argument can be adduced, then it is admitted that national education is inseparable from national prosperity. If so, why is so little enthusiasm shown?—why is the subject left to slumber, or consigned to the care of a small and comparatively unimportant class? These are questions which begin to suggest themselves to the minds of many who have arrived at the conviction which we seek to confirm. The darkness which precedes day is no more incompatible with the innumerable operations of life which require light, than is ignorance with a prosperous condition of national affairs. What paganism is to the moral and spiritual man, ignorance is to the physical and practical man. Knowledge of the one kind purifies the mind, and enables it to appreciate those innumerable gifts which in the bounty of Heaven have been conferred upon mankind; knowledge of the other kind puts man in possession of the instruments of happiness and wealth; teaches him how to use them; where to obtain the productions of the earth even in their greatest perfection; and, in a word, instruct him to turn to the best account what is placed at his disposal.

Education has been variously classed: some have divided it into several great departments, of which religion and morals form the first, then logic and metaphysics, after which all the others follow, in undefined order—grammar, arithmetic, political economy, jurisprudence, ordinary politics, languages, history, ancient and modern geometry, rhetoric, poetry, the curious arts, the less useful arts, the industrial arts, with the studies of ecclesiastics, and the studies of military men. This arrangement, somewhat peculiar and incomplete as it is, is not unworthy of attention, though it suggests numerous divisions which are not enumerated. We must not pursue the subject further, though it may be needless to say how far we are from having developed it. If, however, these few crude observations have accomplished the purpose to which they were written—namely, to demonstrate the value, the importance, the necessity of education in a community—they have accomplished all we could wish. Nothing could be more full of truth than the observation of the old Abbé Fleury, that “national education is the apprenticeship of a nation,” in all the varied arts and sciences and branches of knowledge which make up the sum of her industry, and serve to render that industry the source of wealth, and consequently of happiness and content, to the country which is enriched with so great a blessing.

## THE ARISTOCRAT.

### AN ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

SENECA TAITBOUT was the ardent and polished secretary of an extreme Republican club, which had the honour of being affiliated to that of the Jacobins. Seneca was a young man, possessed of a moderate fortune, who at the Revolution had plunged with all the sanguine hope of youth into the whirl and vortex of politics, that seethed, boiled, and consumed its devotees like any volcanic crater. But, though Seneca had adopted a revolutionary name, and was as hot a Jacobin as any in Paris under the reign of the Committee of Public Safety, he had neither descended to rags nor ascended to a garret. He lived in the same elegant apartments he had inhabited under the monarchy, had the same valet—now denominated an *officier*—and even sometimes gave suppers which cost what in those days was a fortune, and, in fact, did a multitude of other small things which obtained for him the name of "The Aristocrat." But Seneca laughed at the charge; he knew Robespierre, supped often with Danton, bowed to Marat, and was wholly excluded from all society suspected of Girondism; he moreover had fought at the Bastille, commanded a section on the 10th of August, and in every way showed himself to be a *sans-culotte* in spirit if not in costume.

"The Aristocrat" lived in the Rue St. Honore, in a house at no great distance from the Rue Richelieu. His windows opened on the street, and it was his custom to sit every morning at one of them taking his breakfast, a meal which the young man, like most Frenchmen, peculiarly approved of. It was some weeks after the tremendous sensation produced by the death of Louis XVI, and when all Paris was sunk in gloom and terror, that Seneca, in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard, seated himself at his window, a little way back, preparatory to taking his repast. He was sad, for affairs were at a terrible crisis. A rumour was afloat that to save Marie Antoinette, just about to be tried, a tremendous Royalist conspiracy had been organised. Agents of the coalition and the emigration were said to be scattered in every quarter of the town, and a fearful resolution had been come to. On every wall that morning had appeared a decree, which shook the nerves of the most bold-hearted, and those who had least cause to fear. At two o'clock that day and until nightfall, every human being in Paris, save the agents of the public authority, were to be within their houses, the doors open, and without the door a sheet of paper containing a list of every soul who resided in the habitation. This done, the police and pikemen were duly appointed officers to go round and search every dwelling place. Every person without proper papers, and whose civism none could speak to, was to be dragged to prison, there to await a trial before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Seneca was sitting at his table, thinking over this terrible measure, when suddenly his eye was arrested by a young woman seated at a window opposite. She was very young, and as far as the officer could judge, very fair. Her head was bent over her work, for she was sewing, which occupation, pursued diligently, with her humble garb, seemed to prove her poor. A glance at the apartment decided this question, for it contained, though large and roomy, scarcely any furniture, save against the opposite wall, to the astonishment of the Jacobin, a neat wooden crucifix. Seneca frowned, for the young girl was clearly a Royalist; but just then she raised her head, and her gentle, meek, lovely face disarmed the young Republican's anger. But she rose too, and hurried to open the door. In another moment a woman much older than herself rushed in and clasped her to her bosom. She looked wildly round, and

began speaking rapidly. The girl looked alarmed, and both fell on their knees; then the girl rose and closed the window.

Seneca leaped from his chair and put on his hat. His breakfast remained untouched. He stood an instant undecided, and then hurried out of his room and down the stairs. In a moment more he was across the street, had dived into the narrow passage of the house opposite, up the stairs, and was standing at the entrance of the apartment. The young man paused an instant, but then recollecting how time fled, he knocked. A dead silence followed. Seneca's heart began to beat. After a moment the door was opened by the elder of the two women.

The officer of the National Guard stood as if puzzled what to say.

"What does the *citoyen* need?" said the woman, whose mien and appearance, though poor, bespoke a once proud station.

Seneca made no reply, but unceremoniously entering, closed the door behind him. The poor woman trembling with fear, made no resistance, and the young man and her entered the apartment out of the ante-chamber together. The girl gave a half shriek, and glanced at the crucifix.

"*Citoyennes*," exclaimed Seneca, gently, "ye are alarmed at the decree."

The mother and daughter looked at each other.

"You are not prepared for the examination," he added, "I could see that at a glance. You are alone, you seem to have no friends, can I serve you?"

"Oh, monsieur!" cried the young girl, with a burst of grief, "if they come here we are lost."

"Thou art a Royalist," said Seneca, gently, shaking his head, "but no explanations. You have neither of you cards of civism, I suppose, nor have you Republican sponsors. I have taken interest in you both—close up your house and follow me; but as you value your lives and those of all the house burn yon crucifix."

The women both uttered exclamations of horror.

"It is painful to you, doubtless," said the young man; "but I cannot take you with me else. That found in this room might send every creature in the house to prison."

The young girl took it down, kissed it, and calmly laid it on the low embers of a fire. The Jacobin looked grave, but pleased. The sacrifice had been for others, not for herself. As soon as this had been done, he led the way, and the two women followed. The officer looked out into the street, not a soul was visible. He signed to them and hurried across, followed by the terrified Royalists. In a few moments the apartment of Seneca Taitbout gave shelter to two persons whose presence there entailed on him ruin and death if discovered. He seated them at once at his table, and bade them eat. They hesitated, with tears in their eyes. The young man asked them if they were not hungry. They sobbed outright and explained. They confessed they were starving, and told their story.

They were of high and noble family, children of wealth and luxury. At the Revolution the husband of the elder lady had emigrated with all his available property, leaving them to follow more leisurely. On his arrival in England scarce a week had passed before they heard of his death. Events became more complicated, and they dared not leave Paris. Terror-stricken, like thousands of others, they created the very evil they dreaded. The emigration of the rich brought misery and desolation on the land. The Countess Meltancaux and her daughter disappeared from their splendid hotel, and hid away in the room they now occupied. Fear so overtook them that they scarcely ever opened their windows, and thus were seen by Seneca on this occasion for the first time.

Scarcely had this explanation been given when the sharp and lugubrious sound of the *generale* was heard in the streets summoning all the citizens of Paris within doors for the searching of a whole city. The women looked cautiously out. Twenty drummers were guarded by about a hundred National

Guards, with red caps, loose pantaloons, pikes, and wooden shoes, who laughed and talked as they went.

"What a *fournée* (baker's batch) of aristocrats we shall have to-day," cried one.

"The Austrian will see some friends this evening," said another, while all had their joke and repartee, not from innate cruelty, but from the habit of horror engendered by those fearful days, never seen before, nor to be again in the world's history.

Seneca felt that the women were shuddering with horror, and drew them from the window. To avert their thoughts he spoke of the precautions to be taken. They listened gratefully. The young Republican frankly told them that they must not be found there, but added that his well-known character, and membership of the Jacobin club, would prevent his premises being carefully searched. There was a cupboard in his bedroom, where he kept many valuables which just now it was unwise to display; and with many excuses and apologies he asked them to conceal themselves therein. They gratefully and gladly accepted.

An hour passed in conversation. They all noticed the dead stillness of the streets. Not a soul was out save scattered sentries guarding the houses. And still the lugubrious drums beat. Never was such a scene before in the capital of a great country. The barriers of the town had been closed since twelve o'clock, and guarded by the agents of the terrible Santerre. Presently a movement was heard in the street. Seneca looked out. A dozen *sans-culottes* were going by guarding half as many prisoners, four men and two women, whom, by the talk of the soldiers, it was clear had been corresponding with emigrants. One of the pikemen carried a bundle of letters in his hand.

"The Aristocrat" felt the blood chilled round his heart, and turning back to his new friends he began to talk. He described the state of France, the tremendous position of the Republic, and found excuses not for the bloodshed, but for the severity in other ways, and the precautions taken. He told them how desperate and calculating men, by spending money, incited the ignorant to insurrection, and caused the death of thousands. He pictured the *Comité de Salut Public* battling against half Europe without, and three parts of France within, and was continuing to speak to eager and wondering listeners, when a knock came to the door, and the clattering of swords was heard.

The whole party rose to their feet annihilated with fear—Seneca for them, they for all. But to keep the visitors waiting was dangerous, and "The Aristocrat" rushed to open. Half-a-dozen men entered, headed by a sergeant. It was Simon, the *cordonnier*, a name which good men of every party will always vow to infamy, for he was the murderer of the poor boy whom the history of France designates as Louis XVII.

"Good day, *citoyen*," said he, surlily, for there was no sympathy between the Cordelier and the Jacobin. "I search thy rooms but as a matter of form. Thou art said to be civic."

"Known to be almost as civic as thyself," replied Seneca, smothering his ire for the sake of the two trembling women.

"And these two women thou can'st of course answer for?" continued Simon, eyeing them suspiciously—"they look *fierrement* like aristocrats."

"Take care, *citoyen* Simon," said the officer, "my friends are not insulted with impunity. Thou wilt ask me next for my *carte de civisme*."

"And why not, citizen?" sneered the cobbler.

"Because thou could'st not read it," replied the lieutenant.

The *sans-culottes* roared with laughter, while the cobbler looked furious.

"Arrest them," he cried, foaming at the mouth.

The *sans-culottes* laughed again. Seneca was their commander, and despite his aristocratic reputation, much beloved.

"Nay, not this time," continued the secretary of the *Scævola* club; "but do not hurt thy digestion, thou wilt find in Paris plenty of poor women and helpless children of whom thou wilt not be afraid."



"Thou speakest of little Capet," said the cobbler—"thou shalt see. This night at the Cordelier thou shalt be denounced. *Citoyens*, I call ye to witness he has called Madame Veto a 'poor woman,' and little Capet a 'helpless child.'"

"Dost expect everybody to be as great a brute as thyself?" cried a burly *sans-culotte* behind. "The *citoyen* Seneca is a good Republican, and can afford to pity even our enemies. He has given his proofs."

"We shall see," said Simon, turning away pale and furious; "let thy *aristocrates* look to it. I denounce the whole *fournée* this evening."

And the sergeant went out, followed by his men, leaving the three friends alone. The women would have thanked Seneca, but he hid not from them that the danger was but half over. The vindictive character of Simon was well known. He would surely denounce them, and to be denounced in those days was almost to be condemned. The young man moved about for some time in considerable agitation.

"I see but one remedy," he exclaimed, suddenly turning to the young girl; "we are all here in peril of our lives. Become my wife, and none will have a word to say, the spouse of Seneca Taitbout will be above suspicion."

The mother and child looked wonderstruck. The countess stammered something about their poverty and misery. Not a word was said about shortness of acquaintance, for the acts of the young man had shown his whole character. The young girl bent her head, and blushed.

"Sit ye both down," said Seneca, gently, while his eye rested affectionately on the girl, "and understand me. I do not ask you to be my wife merely to save us all, but because I am sure so good a child and gentle a being must make any man happy. If ye are poor, I am rich, and are we not equally obliged? I offer you a comfortable home, and obtain a lovely wife."

"And my daughter a noble husband," exclaimed the poor woman, fervently, forgetting the pride of birth and rank, and the undying hopes of her *caste*, in the bright picture before her.

The rest of the day was passed in conversation, and before night the new friends had become as well acquainted as if they had known one another for months. At a late hour, Seneca left them to the charge of his *officier*, warning them he should not return, having to make preparations for his wedding. The young man spent the night in calling on four men whom he desired to be present at his *noce*. He told them the exact truth, and as he added that though of an old and aristocratic family, they had lived without communication with abroad, on what they had saved, and on the labour of their hands—they all agreed to come.

At nine the next morning, six men and two women were seated at the breakfast-table of Seneca Taitbout. The young girl, now his wife, was neatly clothed, and looked calmly happy, while her mother looked with wonder and intense curiosity on the visitors. They were the two Robespierres, Lebas, St. Just, and the magistrate who had united them. She could not understand these terrible men coming there to oblige a friend, and save them from destruction, nor could she comprehend how they could sit there and talk so coolly of the political affairs of the day, while desolation and death was around—desolation and death which she believed they could have stayed. The marriage was of course by civil contract, and the *acte* lay upon the table. Every now and then the ex-countess would take it up and then put it down again, for the signatures to it almost made her doubt her own sanity.

Presently a rude knock came to the door. The *officier* hastened to open. A commissary of police, Simon, and some dozen *sans-culottes* entered, grave and nearly angry.

"A pretty batch," cried Simon, laughing,—"*the warrant says arrest Seneca Taitbout and all whom we find in his apartments.*"

The guests were seated with their backs to the window, which was open, and, in honour of the day, filled with flowers. None of those who had just entered could distinguish their faces.

"Good day, Simon," said Seneca, rising, and advancing towards him; "what procures me the satisfaction of thy visit?"

"*Citoyen*," replied Simon, maliciously, "I warned thee yesterday. Our friend the commissary here, has an order from Fouquier-Tinville to arrest thee and all who are found in thy habitation."

"*Citoyen* commissary," said Seneca, calmly, "this fellow denounces me because I told him he could not read."

"It will teach thee to be more civil," sneered the cobbler.

"*Citoyen* Seneca," put in the commissary, "I am sorry to arrest one who has always borne so good a character for civism, but my orders are peremptory."

"*Citoyen* commissary," said Seneca, with a laugh, "I am sorry to disappoint thee, but the only arrest that thou wilt make here, is that of the *citoyen* Simon, denounced as having falsely accused a good *citoyen* to secure his private revenge."

"I?" thundered Simon, furious at the other's coolness.

"Ay," exclaimed St. Just, rising with his three colleagues of the *Committee de Salut Public*, and speaking in his soft, cold, thrilling voice; "and let it teach others not to desecrate a duty from vile motives. The country is in danger, and denunciation is necessary. The more need that knaves should not abuse the right."

The aspect of the whole official party, on finding themselves in presence of the most influential members of the executive power, was truly ludicrous. The *sans-culottes* it is true smiled, for they were now sure of their favourite officer's civism; but Simon stood as if annihilated, with open mouth and pallid cheek, while the commissary felt his legs quiver under him.

St. Just took the warrant from him, and wrote on the back "cancelled," under which he and his companions signed, while on a white sheet they wrote the committal of Simon. This done, they waved the party away. The commissary, glad to get off so cheaply, pushed Simon out by the shoulders, to the delight of the *sans-culottes*, who screamed with laughter as soon as the door was shut, and the marriage party remained alone.

"Many thanks, citizens," said Seneca, advancing to him, "count on one devoted friend to ye all, and the *chose publique*."

"May thy marriage be happy," said Lebas, with a sigh, "and now good-bye. We must to the Tuileries, our committee meets at eleven."

The four principal rulers of France bowed to the ladies after a few words of comfort, and then went out to their terrible work, to drive back Europe—to create armies—to crush insurrection—to keep down civil war—to struggle—to triumph—to fall—to perish, and to die.

A few minutes were given to silence, and then Seneca began the conversation, which had not been carried on many minutes when the *officier* announced a stranger. An old man in mean garb, with meek and humble look, entered.

"Mother," said Seneca, gravely, "the civil contract, as ordained by law, is enough for me; but I thought you and your daughter might wish the sanction of a priest of your faith. Here he is."

The women fell upon one another's neck, and wept, for the object of a whole night's watching in pain and trouble was given unto them. The priest drew forth his book, and, the window closed, read a short hurried service, the *officier* standing by with an air of intense astonishment. In those times the act they were performing was a death-warrant for all, and none cared to prolong it. The priest had soon finished, and having blessed the young couple, received gratefully a generous gift from Seneca, and went out, glad to escape from a position which was more dangerous for him than for the rest.

And thus in twenty-four hours after their first acquaintance were Seneca Taitbout and Melanie de Raincourt husband and wife. They married in haste, but never repented, and long after in happy days they thought with gentleness and with tearful eye of the four witnesses to their wedding contract, the Robespierres, Lebas, and St. Just.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

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EDWARD VI.

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THE most prominent features in the history of this country during the sixteenth century were the religious struggles, and controversies, and revolutions through which England was compelled to pass. In our last sketch we alluded to the aid that Henry VIII. rendered to the establishment of the Protestant faith; and as we mark the events of each succeeding reign, and the results that flowed from the renunciation of Romanism, we can scarcely fail arriving at the conclusion that the Reformation performed the same office at a later period as the Crusades did in earlier ages. The former, as well as the latter, exerted a most extensive influence over the world—an influence, too, which was not very dissimilar, for both unfurled their banners in the advocacy of a purer, higher religion than that already existing; and as the effect which arose from the Crusades was to prepare the way for the reception of a better faith, so the national profession of Protestantism accelerated the progress of civilisation, and developed the true life of man. But though the two resembled each other in many points, how unlike were they in others! The one was ushered into existence with all the military pomp and magnificence that the age could furnish; it appealed to the passions and dispositions of its allies; it embodied what no preceding system had ever contained; it was marked by splendid chivalry and dazzling achievements—not alone on the field of battle, in the march, or at the bivouac, but in the feudal castle, in the ordinary occupations of its representatives, in their thoughts and actions; it aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the Holy Land—that was its ultimatum—that was the enterprise in which every knight longed to break a lance, and with which he panted to identify himself and his descendants. How diverse was the advent of the Reformation! one or two *then* heterodox opinions gleaned from some half-hidden copy of the Scriptures, frequently pondered over in secretness and silence by a few contemplative monks, formed the unconscious element in the world's reformation. As the new faith gained allies, Romanism retreated; Protestantism progressed amidst an opposition the most determined, horrors the most dreadful, bigotry and cruelty the most malignant. Not only at its introduction, but for years afterwards, the monarchs of our country alternately persecuted and advocated it: Henry VIII. assisted it, Mary opposed it, Elizabeth was its champion, James was its detractor, Cromwell was its disciple, Charles II. was almost its opponent. With each succeeding age, however, it became more firmly established, more generally diffused; so that even the royal influence, either for or against it, grew less and less able to affect its progress.

During the period in which Edward VI., or rather the Regent, administered the affairs of England, nothing occurred calculated to impede the diffusion of its principles—the reign of his successor, the “bloody Queen Mary,” as she has been justly termed, being the first chief opposition which the Reformation sustained in this country. Even had the mild, thoughtful Edward lived to a more mature age, it is probable that his good nature would have revolted from ever adopting such cruel deeds as those of his sister towards the reformers.

We fear, however, that these introductory remarks may be deemed by some

rather tedious, as well as irrelevant; but should our readers entertain that opinion, we would beg their indulgence, and at the same time remind them that no one can properly understand the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries without he fully remembers the religious fermentations for which those periods were memorable. Men's beliefs were in a state of transition—their opinions were unsettled—their political actions were the result of mere impulse rather than of principle.

It was, therefore, amidst circumstances critical and momentous that Henry VIII. quitted the scene of his lusts and his follies, and left the crown to his only son, Prince Edward, the offspring of Jane Seymour. He was about the age of nine when the royal diadem was placed on his youthful brow, having been born on the 12th of October, 1537, in the palace at Hampton Court. His father regarded him with all the affection of which he was capable; and if we may judge from the qualities attributed to the young prince, he was eminently worthy of every kindness within the power of a parent to bestow upon him. At a very early period he was placed under the care of several learned tutors, each one of whom superintended a different department of his education. For instance, there was one "who was his preceptor for manners, philosophy, and divinity"—another who instructed him in the Greek and Latin languages, and a third in French. When a mere child, it is said "he had an excellent memory, a wonderful solidity of mind, and withal he was laborious, sparing no pains to qualify himself for the well governing of his kingdom. At eight years of age he wrote Latin letters to his father; French was as familiar to him as English; he learnt also Greek, Spanish, and Italian. After that he applied himself to the liberal sciences, wherein he made an astonishing progress." Such are the words of that trustworthy historian, Rapin, whose knowledge was apparently derived from authentic sources, and is therefore deserving of confidence. That Edward was an accomplished correspondent we have confirmatory evidence in Mr. Halliwell's collection of "Letters of the Kings of England,"—a work, by the way, which that gentleman has edited with no little taste and ability.

When Henry VIII. died the prince was living at Hatfield with his sister Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England, from whence he was conveyed to Enfield, where the deputies appointed by the Council told him the news of his father's decease, and tendered to him their homage as sovereign of Great Britain. He was then conducted to the Tower, and there received with all the pomp and ceremony customary on such an occasion. During his residence in this fortress he was knighted by the Earl of Hertford, who was authorised to perform this part of the chivalric institutions, by a special warrant under the Great Seal, no subject being allowed to confer the honour of knighthood upon his monarch unless so appointed. "On the 24th of the ensuing month (February, 1547), the preparations for the coronation having been completed, Edward rode from the Tower to Westminster, accompanied by the pageants and devices usually attendant upon the ceremony. Among them was 'an argosine (sailor), who came from the batilmon of St. Paul's Church upon a cable beyng made faste to an anker at the deane's doore, lying upon his breaste, aidyng hymself neither with hande nor foote, and after ascended to the middle of the same cable, and tumbled and plaid many pretie toies, whereat the kyng, with other of the pere and nobles of the realme, laughed hartely.'"

As the tender age of the young monarch precluded him from taking any part in the administration, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, (now Duke of Somerset) was elected protector; an office for which he was eminently fitted, not only on account of his birth, but from his able qualities and consummate moderation. His policy was favourable to the Reformation; besides which, it was based upon a maxim seldom previously practised—namely, that of proceeding in any great measure cautiously and prudently, not hastily and rashly.

\* "Memoirs of the Tower of London."

The first military campaign in which he was engaged, after succeeding to the regency, was the battle of Pinkey, brilliantly won by the English in September, 1547, which, though it failed to extort acquiescence from the Scots in the proposal that Edward should espouse the Scottish princess, threw terror and dismay amidst the nation as well as the court. Somerset hastened back to London to crush the ambitious designs of his brother, Admiral Lord Seymour, who being jealous of the duke's elevation, had formed the project of weakening his authority and eventually wielding the fortunes of his country. His plots, however, were soon terminated: he was adjudged guilty of offences fully warranting his death, which occurred in the beginning of the year, 1549: his brother, the Duke of Somerset, willingly sacrificing his private feelings, in order to prevent public discord and insurrection.

Religious disputes have always been characterised by a greater or less degree of bigotry; a feeling that can scarcely be termed fanaticism—though sometimes closely approximating to it—has invariably marked the era of religious strife. It largely predominated at the time of the Reformation: it led to the execution, the burning, the imprisonment of men who never deserved the least punishment: it formed a pretext for sacrificing at the altar of religion those who differed in political opinion from the ruling powers at court, or whose actions inclined rather too much to an enlightened liberalism. Fanaticism is the embodiment of something good—something to which bigotry can lay no claim; the one found a representative in Mahomet, the other in Queen Mary—the former may be compared to insanity, which is capable of alleviation and possibly cure; the latter resembles idiocy, beyond remedy, and beyond the hope of improvement. In the present reign there was a forcible instance of bigotry, not only in the punishment of several prelates who slightly differed from the tenets of the new religion, but in the cruelty exhibited towards Joan of Kent, a woman whose opinion certainly savoured of heresy, but which it was thought so important to exterminate that she was condemned to suffer at the stake. The humane young king, to use Hume's words:—"Had more sense than all his counsellors and preceptors; and he long refused to sign the warrant for her execution. Cranmer was employed to persuade him to compliance, and he said that there was a great difference between errors in other points of divinity and those which were in direct contradiction to the Apostle's creed: these latter were impieties against God, which the prince, being God's deputy, ought to repress, in like manner as inferior magistrates were bound to punish offences against the king's person. Edward, overcome by importunity, at last submitted, though with tears in his eyes; and he told Cranmer, that if any wrong were done, the guilt should lie entirely on his head. The primate, after making a new effort to reclaim the woman from her errors, and finding her obstinate against all his arguments, at last committed her to the flames." Such conduct as this, in a boy little more than twelve years old may well command approbation—inasmuch as it reveals a goodness of nature and a kindness of heart which, had he lived, might have saved his country from an effusion of blood the most reckless and implacable, and encircled his name with a wreath of fame which only can be merited by humane, generous actions.

The rural districts of England at this time much resembled many parts of Scotland at the present period. The late destruction of the monasteries naturally disarranged the agriculture of the land; for with the abstraction of money which was formerly expended by the monks upon country produce, into the royal coffers, the demand materially diminished; the lands came in the possession of the nobility and gentry, who raised the rents, without at the same time increasing the consumption; while the proprietors, prompted by the high price of wool on the Continent, converted their estates into sheep-farms—thus employing fewer labourers and consequently depressing the condition of that class of men. The inclosures were levelled, the high rates for corn (owing to the lessened cultivation) seriously injured the peasant population, and the revenue of the lands, although much larger than before, was distributed among



fewer people, and consequently benefited not the masses, but the proprietors. This state of things led to many disturbances among the labouring classes, with whose cause the protector, Somerset, sympathised, and endeavoured to redress; but his measures met with such opposition on the part of the nobility that they proved of little service. Insurrections at length arose, which were, of course, quieted by the superiority of the royal forces; not, however, without showing that the rural population were able to harass the government, nor without leading Somerset to think that a mild procedure towards them would more readily produce tranquillity than a rigorous one. He accordingly granted them a general pardon, a measure indicative of much prudence and an enlarged humanity seldom found in the public characters of these times.

It seems that the Duke of Somerset, notwithstanding the many admirable features in his life, could neither escape the envy nor the evil designs of some by whom he was surrounded: they were jealous of his power; they thought he stretched his authority beyond the proper limits; they disliked him because of his adhesion to the Reformation; they hated him for the liberality with which he regarded the new religion; so that, influenced by these mean, discreditable motives, they endeavoured to damage his reputation in the eyes of his royal nephew—who at first gave little heed to the aspersions cast upon his name, but at last, wearied by reiterated complaints, he listened to his accusers. Seeing, too, that their accusations against the once mighty Somerset were both numerous and startling, Edward thought his removal from the regency would promote the national benefit; and not only did he consent to his imprisonment, but eventually, though doubtless with an aching, piteous heart, he signed the warrant for his death. We cannot believe that the tender feeling king voluntarily sanctioned his execution; nor that he ever willingly caused any of his subjects a moment's pain, or a moment's unhappiness. With respect to Somerset, Edward's mind was poisoned; his noble kinsman's faults were magnified and maliciously supported; and as jealousy was the chief motive that induced his accusers to compass his fall, so they never scrupled to allege the most unfounded offences. But although his disgrace and condemnation were pleasant to many of the aspiring courtiers by whom he was surrounded, the people viewed his imprisonment in a far different light; for, besides having administered the state affairs with much ability, he had always exhibited a strong regard for their welfare, he sympathised with their distresses (to some of which allusion has been made in the preceding paragraph), and uniformly evinced a laudable wish to remove their complaints. Such being the nature of the public feeling, the new ministry, in order to divert the popular attention from the duke's approaching execution, sought to achieve their object by the display of unusual festivities and amusements, amidst which Somerset was led to the scaffold, in the beginning of the year 1551, to yield up his innocent blood. Many witnessed the event—many came for the last time to see him who had been their friend and ally—many were there from curiosity. He was unmoved by their presence; calmly and collectedly he addressed them in language somewhat as follows:—"I have never offended my sovereign by word or deed; I have diligently exerted myself not only in affairs more immediately concerning his majesty, but in the promotion of my country's welfare, both at home and abroad; nor have I forgotten the common benefit of the whole realm." To this the people replied, "It is most true." He afterwards humbly thanked his Creator for making him His instrument in promoting the Reformation; at the same time exhorting the nation to adhere to the faith, and widen its dissemination. He concluded with a prayer for the young king; asking forgiveness of all whom he might have offended, cheerfully extending the same act of mercy to his enemies, without exception; and, after desiring the people to bear him witness that he died in the full belief of Christianity, he laid his head on the block, and peacefully ended his days. When we reflect on the career of such men—their chequered fortunes—their achievements and their reverses—one day the idol of the populace, the next day execrated and loathed even by the

mob,—then we perceive the entire force and truthfulness of such a passage as the following, translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, from a Spanish poem of much celebrity:—

“Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.”

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the Duke of Somerset's life, no one can in justice deprive him of the fame which he has so well earned by his devotion to the good of his royal nephew equally with that of his country; and amidst his eventful course these two objects seem never to have left his mind. He had his failings, some of which are certainly deserving of censure; but notwithstanding his ambition and his offences, he showed himself to be a minister of far more enlightened principles than many of, if not all, the statesmen by whom he was preceded.\*

The young monarch's health did not, as he grew older, become stronger and more robust, but rather declined and sickened: so that he was rendered very susceptible to the various complaints to which children are more or less subject. His biographers remarked, too, that since the Duke of Northumberland's accession to power, Edward had suffered under several complaints, from which he was before exempt: and when we consider the ambitious, selfish designs of that minister, it does not appear improbable that he exerted such an influence over the king's actions as to operate prejudicially on his health. It is even affirmed, poison was administered to Edward by that nobleman, a suspicion, however, which should not be received with any material degree of confidence. The last few weeks of his life were full of turmoil: Northumberland wished to secure the succession of the throne to Lady Jane Grey, in violation of an Act of Parliament conferring the crown upon the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and after repeated entreaties, amounting almost to compulsion, Edward consented to the duke's wishes, at the same time commanding an assignment of the crown to be prepared; but the judges charged with this commission objected to execute it, on the ground that the king had not the power to alter the Act of Parliament determining the succession to be upon his sisters: besides which, they would render themselves liable to punishment for high treason. Northumberland had not anticipated this difficulty—the judges were inexorable—the poor young

\* In connection with the Duke of Somerset, it may not be uninteresting to notice the kind of fare of the Duchess of Somerset during her imprisonment. She appears to have been supplied with many luxuries, as is evident from the following list of “the daily Dietts of the Duches of Somsett, being in the Towre:”—

Dynner.		Suppr.	
Mutton stewed with potage....	viijd.	Mutton and Potage.....	vjd.
Beef boiled.....	viijd.	Slyced Beef.....	vijd.
Boiled Mutton, 1 legg.....	xd.	Mutton rost.....	viijd.
Veale, rost.....	xd.	Coneys ij.....	xd.
Capon, rost, 1.....	ij. iiijd.	Larks or other 1 doz.....	xd.
Coneys ij.....	xd.		

Dynner and Suppr Pr. sum by the weke, Bred, xd.; Bere, viijd.; Wyne, viijd.

Wood, Coills, and candull by the weke, xxd.

If this were the bill of fare in the Tower, it is not unreasonable to expect that the style of living out of that fortress included even more luxuries than are here enumerated; and we may therefore safely infer that the higher classes in the sixteenth century were not very far behind the present generation in their appreciation of “flesh and fowl.” In comparing the price of provisions then and now, it is curious to observe the immense difference in value; a difference which, it is almost superfluous to say, indicates the progress of civilisation.

monarch was rapidly declining; delay threatened to mar the whole project—so that the duke, partly by violence, partly by a promise to shield them from prosecution, induced them to draw out the assignment, which was signed by all the privy councillors and the judges, excepting one. This measure unconsciously sealed the doom of Lady Jane Grey. In the meanwhile, Edward was lingering out his life, with no hope of recovery: his physicians were dismissed, principally by Northumberland's advice, and he was confided to the care (if care it may be called) of an ignorant woman, who administered to him such injurious nostrums that the worst symptoms of illness soon appeared. Instead of enjoying quietude and repose—instead of receiving the attention of able and suitable persons, his sick room was made the scene of disputes between the judges and the duke concerning the legality of altering the succession, and the alleviation of his pains was left to a woman, who seemingly knew no more of what should be done than she thought of mounting the throne of England. Do not proceedings of this nature tend to cast suspicion upon the men by whom he was surrounded, and more especially upon he who assumed, though he was never invested with, the office of regent?

Shortly before his decease the princesses were informed of his fast declining health, and requested to visit him; but as they did not imagine his illness to be so severe, they did not hasten their departure. It is not probable that much affection subsisted between them; for, hearing that he was in the last moments of death, and though they were on the road, they turned back, without even attempting to see their only brother before consciousness had left, and the spirit had fled to that blessed abode for which his good life had prepared him. He expired at Greenwich, in the arms of Sir Henry Sidney (a relative of the Duke of Northumberland) on the 6th of July, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age and the seventh of his reign. The royal corpse was buried in Westminster Abbey, near that of his grandfather, Henry VII.\*

If there be any truth in the belief frequently entertained that some persons are too good, too excellent, to live long, surely Edward was one of them. His appearance is described as highly prepossessing: his countenance was of "a sweet aspect, and especially in his eyes, which seemed to have a starry liveliness and lustre in them." The qualities of his mind, too, were extraordinary, for besides his knowledge of the languages, both ancient and modern, he studied logic and natural philosophy, was well acquainted with the value and exchange of money and the art of fortification; indeed it seems scarcely credible that so young a monarch should have merited the eulogium of Cardan, the celebrated Italian philosopher, that "the sweetness of his temper was such as became a mortal; his gravity becoming the majesty of a king, and his disposition was suitable to his high degree. In short, that child was so bred, had such parts, and was of such expectation that he looked like a miracle of a man. \* \* \* He began to love the liberal arts before he knew them, and to know them before he could use them. When the gravity of a king was needful he carried himself like an old man, and yet he was always affable and gentle as became his age." It is said, "he kept a book, in which he wrote the characters of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England, marking down their way of living, and their zeal for religion." He also took notes of nearly everything he heard, in which he used Greek characters, to prevent those around him from understanding them, but which he afterwards copied into his journal. This relic of royal industry contains an account of the most memorable transactions and events that chequered his reign,

\* One of the writers of these times says the expenses of the king's household amounted to the following sums:—During the first year of his reign, £49,187 18s.; the second, £46,902 7s.; the third, £46,100 3s.; the fourth, £100,578 16s.; the fifth £62,863 9s.; the sixth, £65,923 16s. An accurate account also seems to have been kept of the charges incurred in Edward's funeral, which were £475 2s. 2d. and which, the historian remarks, was considered a very moderate outlay.

and though the production but of a youth, it is considered very accurate. It is preserved, we believe, in Sir John Cotton's library. If, however, he was great in mental accomplishments, he was not less distinguished in other respects. His attachment to the reformed religion was ardent and unvarying; there shone round his life a liberality and generosity of spirit, to which the times could find no parallel, there pervaded almost all his actions a degree of humanity that, had he lived, would no doubt have averted those cruelties and persecutions so rife in the next reign. When Cranmer requested him to sign the warrant for Joan of Kent's death, he told him he "thought it a piece of cruelty too like that which the reformers had condemned in Papists, to burn any for their consciences:" at the same time asking the Archbishop, "What, my lord, will ye have me send her quick to the devil in her errors?" The toleration of the monarch, whose feelings shrank from inflicting pain upon a person who had committed no crime, stands in beautiful contrast with the bigoted zeal and the unflinching rigour of the determined prelate. We cannot more appropriately conclude our remarks than by quoting the following words of Sir James Mackintosh:—"His position in English history, between a tyrant and a bigot, adds somewhat to the grace of his innocent and attractive character, which borrows also an additional charm from the mild lustre which surrounds the name of Lady Jane Grey, the companion of his infancy, and the object of his dying choice as a successor on the throne."

Although it might be considered irrelevant in these biographical sketches to advert to the female line of sovereigns who have swayed the British sceptre, we deem it necessary, in order to connect the chain of narrative, as well as to fill up the historical gap which would otherwise exist between the reigns of Edward and James I., to make a few observations on the intermediate rulers of our country. This is a task, too, that is rendered eminently attractive by the splendid administration of England's deservedly-esteemed queen, Elizabeth; to the excellence of whose reign we feel it incumbent on us to pay our humble meed of admiration. But we will not anticipate the sequel. The events which placed Lady Jane Grey on the throne are, no doubt, well known to our readers: she was raised to that dignity unsought for on her own part—she vacated it—or rather was compelled to leave it—by the superior power of Mary, not only without exhibiting a single trace of regret, but with unfeigned and genuine satisfaction, and, to use her own language, when apprised of the accession of her vindictive relative, "This is a more welcome message than that which forced me against my will to an elevation to which I am not entitled, and for which I am not qualified. In obedience to you, my lord, (the Duke of Suffolk) and to my mother, I did violence to myself; the present is my own act, and I willingly resign, and endeavour to repair those faults committed by others—if at least so great a fault can be expiated—by a relinquishment and ingenuous acknowledgment of them." No one who reads her life, and reflects over her fate, can feel one spark of animosity towards this spotless victim of Mary's cruelty: the one commands all our sympathy, the other raises all our hatred; the one was animated by everything that could render her lovely, the other was the very essence of all that is bad, all that is detestable. What a contrast do they present! Lady Jane was imbued with the principles of a faith that supported her with unparalleled fortitude in the brief period of regal dignity, in the season of shattered prospects, and on the bloody scaffold, from which her husband's lifeless body had just been removed; while Mary, the wielder of supreme power, the destroyer of her subjects, and the very embodiment of cruelty, was influenced by the narrow, barbarous tenets of the Romanist creed, under whose shadow her people's blood was sacrificed with unlimited prodigality. A hetacomb of human beings was not sufficient to appease her hatred to the reformed religion: happy was it that her reign was not marked by longevity. Had Mary been imbued by the principles which in a measure rendered her successor's administration so brilliant—the principles of Protestantism—the result of her reign would not have been unworthy of England's most admired sovereigns, nor would posterity

then have regarded her with unmitigated dislike, and connected the name of Mary with the tortured sufferings of numberless good and great men. There is some similarity between the fate of Lady Jane Grey and the Queen of Scots, inasmuch as both of them were said to have aspired to the British crown, and for that supposed offence they were dragged to the scaffold; in addition to which, the steadfastness and calm intrepidity with which they met death bear much resemblance. They shuddered not at the prospect of dissolution; the one hallowed her last moments with saying "Oh, Guildford, Guildford! the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven." The other, though a little surprised at the brief notice conveyed to her of the hour of execution, evinced no weakness, merely making these singular remarks, well worthy of her unvarying religious constancy: "Death, which puts an end to all my miseries, shall be to me most welcome; nor can I esteem that soul worthy the felicities of heaven, which cannot support the body under the horrors of the last passage to these blissful mansions."

In order rightly to understand the character of Elizabeth, it is necessary that we should view her life in two aspects—as a sovereign and as a woman. All her actions, even those which at the first blush appear open to extreme censure, may be thoroughly justified when they are regarded in relation to the nation; but when we look at them in another light, as arising from envy, jealousy, dissimulation, and ambition, we arrive at a different conclusion; we form an unfavourable opinion of the motives of the much-extolled, and not undeservedly extolled Queen Elizabeth. Yet with all her failings she was an extraordinarily able sovereign; she was endowed with faculties well adapted to wield the sceptre with consummate wisdom; she was surrounded, it is true, with many distinguished statesmen, whose actions lent lustre to her own: but why did they gather round her standard? Why did they leave the retirement—nay, obscurity, in which some of them lived? Because she had the sagacity to perceive their latent powers, and the wisdom to select men of merit; she spurned the idea of enlisting those into her country's service who were eminent only for their influence and rank, not for their learning and abilities; and with their aid—though oft-times she acted solely on her own conviction—she managed the public affairs in a manner such as never before was known: so that her name was beloved at home, respected and feared abroad; her people made rapid strides in civilisation, in commerce, and in learning; religious persecutions were few; Protestantism flourished; and these results of her successful policy have earned for her the lasting admiration of the English nation: an admiration which outrivals that entertained for any one of her *predecessors*, and we might almost say her *successors*.

There is no event in her life which, we think, exhibits her great qualities in a more favourable light, nor one that is more worthy of being remembered by those who attempt to detract from the wisdom of her administration, than her proceedings with regard to the Spanish Armada. When the freedom of the English people and the liberties of their country were endangered—when the forces which were destined to overwhelm the land far exceeded the numerical power of her subjects—when the sovereignty of England was offered by the Pope as the reward of the invader and the conqueror,—did Elizabeth show either timidity or despondency? No; such feelings never found a home in her heroic bosom. She reposed confidence in that people for whom she had generously professed an undying regard; she trusted to them for assistance and support, and they, in return, rallied round her banners, poured their gifts into her exchequer, equipped vessels at their own expense, and watched with confident hope the annihilation of the invincible Armada. Nor was the queen herself less active in making preparations for the enemy's defeat: though advanced in years, she retained the spirit of her young days; and though a woman, she displayed a degree of chivalry and bravery which animated her troops to achieve the



highest emprise. We may well quote her matchless address to them at Tilbury, within sound of the cannons of the invading squadron:—

“ My loving People,—We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general (Leicester) shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.”

The enthusiasm excited by this stirring speech, and the devotion of the soldiers to the vindication of their country's freedom, are unparalleled in the annals of Great Britain. Though it is at all times a more pleasant occupation to dilate on the good qualities, the excellences, and the renowned actions of individuals, than to advert to their opposite characteristics, we shall not allow our feelings of admiration for Elizabeth to blind us to her failings. The recollection of her brave demeanour at Tilbury must not conceal her cruelty to Mary Queen of Scots; nor must her love for the English people gloss over her treatment of Essex. In both instances there was an unusual degree of jealousy and envy, wounded pride, and vanity; she could not brook the attentions which Mary's superior attractions unavoidably induced, and not attempt to punish the beautiful Scottish princess; she could not bear the thought of rivalry in any form—it at once excited her revenge, and prompted her to commit the most unholy deeds. The beauty of the one, and the attachment Elizabeth had formerly entertained for the other, paved the way to the scaffold and the executioner. But hideous as these two actions appear in relation to her feelings and the qualities of her heart, they conferred an immeasurable benefit on the nation at large; for it is too true that the nation could not submit to two sovereigns—either the one or the other must be removed in order to promote the public weal; nor would Elizabeth have been justified in passing over the insolence and misdeeds even of her favourite, the Earl of Essex. The vacillation that she displayed before and even after signing their death warrants may lead us to suppose how strong was the mental conflict ere she could resolve to terminate their lives; and, as if to punish her for the loss she had suffered in the death of Essex, it is said she never again smiled, but resigned herself to that melancholy, cheerless state in which she closed the latter part of her distinguished reign. No remorse approaching to this, however, marks the sad page of history that records the equally sad exit of the Scottish princess: but though her fate drew no tear of pity from the masculine Elizabeth, it was not *then*, nor is it *now*, unmourned by her admiring countrymen. They treasure in their memory the history of their beautiful queen; they deplore her doom; and scruple not to justify the conduct of their polished, much-loved sovereign.

As "all ages have esteemed a female government a rarity, if prosperous a wonder, and if both long and prosperous, almost a miracle,"\* so no candid writer can avoid according to Elizabeth that tribute of admiration which her varied acquirements, actions, and achievements justly demand. For forty-four years she administered, with the assistance and counsel of a galaxy of able statesmen—one of whom (Lord Burleigh) was in himself sufficient to shed a lustre on almost any reign—the affairs of her kingdom with singular wisdom and success; and, in addition to the celebrity which invests her name as a sovereign, there is a yet higher celebrity conferred upon her reign by reason of its being the age of England's greatest genius; an age that not alone produced Shakspeare, but Spenser; that not only saw the brilliant achievements of several renowned naval officers, but the no less notable deeds of Sir Thomas Gresham in the metropolis in which we now write. May the day never arrive when this age shall not be regarded as the most illustrious in our country's annals!

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## T H E   A L P S.

By NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "RUINS OF MANY LANDS."

YE mountains! with your feet in earth's deep caves,  
Where burns the central fire, the earthquake raves,  
While your hoar brows are reared above the cloud,  
And seem for this our world too vast and proud,  
Shrinking we view your wild stupendous scene,  
Rude as first chaos, dread, yet how serene!  
Strength here has calmness like a giant's sleep,  
Awful repose on each eternal steep.  
There is a charm in terror, and we feel,  
When dumb with awe, strange pleasure o'er us steal.  
'Mid rocks, and shaggy caves, and aged trees,  
That sigh like restless spirits to the breeze;  
'Mid torrents dashed from heights with echoing roar,  
While far above wild eagles shriek and soar;  
'Mid sounds and scenes to peopled tracts unknown,  
It is not lonely e'en to be alone:  
The soul, absorbed, forgets her cumbering clod,  
Holding high converse with great Nature's God.  
See where the Jungfrau lifts its peaks on high,  
Pillars of heaven, and ramparts of the sky!  
Seasons may change, and summer suns may glow,  
Bernard still wears his crown of endless snow;  
What heeds Mount Blanc the thunder or the storm?  
Eternity is imaged in his form!  
Earthquakes wreck human cities, but they bring  
No change, no fear to that dread mountain-king;  
Clouds spread beneath his stainless dazzling crest,  
Which, as the sun goes down the crimson west,

\* Lord Bacon's "Essays."

Catches pale rose-hues, and deep burnished gold,  
 'Till mists, rocks, snow, in fire seem round him rolled,  
 A mighty altar flaming to the skies,  
 A stepping-stone to God's great Paradise.

Yet not alone in calm, or when the moon  
 Rides o'er the heights in soft and tranquil June,  
 And star-beams sleep in beauty on the snow,  
 And cascades fall in showers of pearl below,  
 Climb ye the Alps, but view the giants there,  
 When storms let loose the demons of the air,  
 And darkness, like a pall, descends on earth,  
 And the sky-cleaving lightning hath its birth.  
 Here let us stand where floods have worn the rock,  
 Clouds roll on clouds—it comes, the tempest's shock !  
 The wolves for shelter flee, their long deep yell,  
 In ghostly chorus, echoing from the dell ;  
 The tall black pines, that lately towered on high,  
 Like ebon pillars carved against the sky,  
 Bend low and lower to the rising blast,  
 Their murmur, like a trumpet, wailing past.  
 Where the dense clouds embrace yon rocky spire,  
 Quick from their blackness shoots a lance of fire ;  
 Away, across the sky, across each height,  
 Zigzag and blinding, darts that line of light ;  
 The oak is crashing, and the rock is rent,  
 So swift thy work, mysterious element !  
 Ere the deep thunder rolls upon the air,  
 Now muttering like some demon in despair,  
 Then bursting forth like dread artillery's sound,  
 From peak to peak the echoes doubling round ;  
 Still are those peals renewed, when peals expire,  
 As if the Almighty spoke in tones of ire,  
 While sheets of flame that light heaven's concave now,  
 Seem the fierce anger on His awful brow.

Hear, too, that rushing terror, where the ball  
 Of loosened snow begins its fearful fall !  
 Feeble at first, but gathering strength and size,  
 Down, down it rolls ! on, crashing on, it flies !  
 'Till the huge av'lanche, scattering wide dismay,  
 Sweeps off strong oaks, and tall rocks bears away,  
 Bounds o'er deep openings, thundering downward still,  
 Chafed snow, like smoke, arising from the hill.  
 Woe to the hamlet nestling in the vale !  
 The peasants hear—they stand, spell-bound and pale ;  
 It comes ! they strive to fly a dreadful fate—  
 The av'lanche comes—they shriek, but 'tis too late ;  
 Swift o'er their homes the mountain load is borne,  
 Alas ! that once fair scene when breaks the morn !  
 One huge wide tomb of snow is spreading there,  
 And all is stillness, all is blank despair.

## THE DOOMED FAMILY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798.

By CAPTAIN A. J. HIPPISELEY.

In the wildest and most disturbed district of the County of Tipperary continued to reside during the fiercest period of the outbreak of 1798 a Protestant divine, who was proverbial for his urbanity and benevolence; whilst his amiable wife with equal assiduity relieved the necessities of the poor of the parish, she also caused to be dispensed medicine, as well as the often-required dressings for the numerous broken heads incidental upon faction disputes at adjacent fairs. The reverend gentlemen diffused his good offices by daily visiting the infirm, aged, and destitute of his district, without reference to their religious tenets; he relieved their distress, but never voluntarily proffered spiritual advice to those whose creed differed from his, leaving that to the Roman Catholic pastor of the parish. With all his good actions and benevolent intentions he was an object of dislike to the majority of his tenantry and the surrounding peasantry, because in their eyes he was a heretic. Many of his friends advised him to remove to Dublin or some other garrison town until public tranquillity should be re-established. This counsel he rejected, saying that he felt himself quite secure in his present abode; his wife also declared her conviction that no person would injure her husband, her children, or herself; but that the contrary disposition prevailed the sequel will show.

All went on apparently as usual in the vicinity of Castle —, as also within its walls, until the second month of the terrific national convulsion above quoted. One day, about the middle of June, shortly after dinner, the eldest daughter (whom we will call Agnes), suddenly feeling unwell, retired to her room, and threw herself on the bed, the curtains of which had been closed for the night. Whilst she was endeavouring to repose, two female domestics entered the apartment, who, after looking around the room, carefully closed the door, and repaired to the window, which was open. The women (one of whom was the *soubrette* of Agnes, and the other the housemaid) then freely discussed the subject which had brought them thither. Their conversation revealed a deep-laid plot for the murder of the whole family after they had retired to rest, and the destruction of the mansion by fire that night, with a view of avoiding detection. The coachman was to have been the principal actor in this deed of blood, and to have distributed the money, plate, and jewels among the servants, reserving for himself the lion's share. During the recital of this conspiracy the feelings of the watchful occupant of the bed may be more easily imagined than described; her heart beat loud and fast, perspiration bedewed her brow, her cheeks grew pale, her lips trembled, but fortunately presence of mind did not forsake her, and all was quiet as the grave. The confederates withdrew, and our heroine sought an opportunity to retire unobserved by any of the domestics; she entered the drawing-room a horror-stricken spectre, and lost not a moment in unfolding the proceedings in the chamber to her unsuspecting parents, when an instant retreat was resolved upon; but the difficulty was how to carry it into effect without creating suspicion. Any attempt at alarm would have been useless; it was therefore decided that they should proceed coolly; and, with the resources of a "woman's wit," the fair lady of the family proposed to order the carriage upon a plea of paying a visit to the adjacent villa. The next difficulty was the finding a pretext for all the children to accompany them. This was obviated by apprising the elder members of the

little progeny of the discovery, and pointing out the necessity of remaining quiet until the carriage should be announced, when they were to exclaim, "Oh! do, papa—do, mamma, take us," when after several refusals on the part of the parents, they were to consent, impressing upon the attention of the youngsters the importance of an early return in order to avoid the night air, saying,

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun—  
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

It was then proposed only to go for a short drive; the old butler—who professed to be in the confidence of the clerk of the weather—being duly consulted as to the chance of rain, gave a favourable report, and the shortness of the projected trip, together with the indifference with which matters were adjusted, disarmed the servants of all suspicion. The expedition set out, but on arriving at the angle of the road skirting the avenue to the adjacent domain, orders were given to proceed a short distance further on the main road. This extension of the drive appeared to afford anything but satisfaction. At this moment the off leader snapped a trace; during its repair the outrider approached the carriage door, touched his hat, and said, "Your honour, the road back will not be safe after nightfall."

"Never fear," responded his master; "I entertain no apprehension; should there be danger I can rely on the assistance of my trusty servants."

On the trace being adjusted they proceeded; in fact, the conspirators could not openly revolt, the main road being well guarded and carefully patrolled. On arriving in front of a cavalry picquet further orders were given to proceed to a town in the vicinity, then strongly garrisoned, but to turn back on reaching the gates. However, as they neared the chief entrance the postilions were desired to drive to the quarters of Colonel ———, of the ——— militia. This mandate was obeyed with evident reluctance, and the family alighted, directing the carriage to be ready to return within an hour, which allayed the misgivings of the servants; but long before the expiration of that period the whole retinue was secured, and ere any swift-footed *gossoon* (boy) could communicate the event to the other domestics three companies of infantry and a troop of dragoons were on the march to surprise them; so that by the time they were expecting the return of their intended victims they heard the heavy tread of infantry and the clattering of horses' hoofs entering the court-yard. The infantry wheeled into line in front of the porch, and piled their arms—the cavalry formed on their flanks and dismounted; the senior officer and a subaltern, with a sergeant and twelve grenadiers, then entered the servants' hall. Their astonishment cannot be described; confused and suspicious glances were rapidly exchanged; a telegraphic communication was carried on by nods and winks, and they simultaneously set up the regular Irish howl, professing to be alarmed for the safety of the "illigant family." But upon this subject they were requested to make themselves perfectly easy; they were also informed that their plot was discovered, and that they must prepare for a trip to Clonmel, upon which occasion they would be honoured with a military escort. The male prisoners endeavoured to make light of the affair, prophesying that it would turn out a bit of a mistake on the part of the young mistress, who must have been dreaming. Amongst the group of disconcerted miscreants was one whose appearance, under ordinary circumstances, would have excited commiseration—this was a half-witted, misshapen dwarf; his head was large, and covered with a profusion of rough red hair; his features were much distorted, and enveloped in a huge beard and whiskers; his voice was most discordant, yet he occasionally chaunted fragments of such legendary effusions as tradition had fabricated for the defunct forefathers of the "ould stack." The attire of this creature was in keeping with his grotesque appearance, and consisted of an old livery drab coat, with a "beef-steak" collar, pendant therefrom was a tarnished gold aiguillette, he also sported an antique, long-waisted, striped vest, and a pair of venerable leather



inexpressibles, of ample size about the seat of honour; every article had been made for a man at least six feet high; he wore neither shoes, boots, nor shirt—a military stock and cocked hat completed his costume. This individual had no regular employment in the household, but was one of those hangers-on usually to be found about the establishments of the lords of the soil; he was, however, an *attaché* of the kitchen; his chief office was that of turnspit, but he held several minor appointments, and was occasionally charged with diplomatic missions of trust to the family medical attendant, or the parish priest, when any of the domestics required the religious services of his reverence. He was known throughout the barony as “Jerry the ounshagh” (half-witted fool); whenever he made an excursion he was armed with an “illigant bit of black thorn, a nate weapon,” which he termed his “china-duster;” but he was perfectly harmless, and more knave than fool. Jerry was a prompt and right trusty herald, being always in marching order; he bivouacked in his suit of mail, and reposed in a manger, close to the fleetest hack; his presence was of great importance at weddings, christenings, and wakes, and he invariably joined in a jig when the gossoons and colleens (boys and girls) stood upon the *sture* to the family fiddler; he likewise attended all hurling matches, and was accounted “mighty handy wid the fut (foot).” Moreover, he was an adept in finding a fox or hare, or in putting up birds, and when neither could be found he ran a drag—indeed, his sporting propensities took a wider range, as he patronised the national pastime of “ball practice” (duelling), and would convey a case of the choicest mahogany, containing Joe Manton’s or Mortimer’s best peace-makers, any distance, with caution and dispatch. No salary was attached to any of his honourable occupations, but he had the “run of his teeth” in the servants’ hall. On the present occasion he endeavoured to appear indifferent to the proceedings, yet he was evidently anxious to dispose of something he held in his lap, and concealed with the skirts of his coat; he at length deposited his burthen in a turf creel by which he was sitting; this excited suspicion, and the creel was searched. In it were found, covered with turf, several large knives, one small dirk, and two hatchets. Jerry was therefore told that it would be necessary for him to accompany his quondam friends to Clonmel. He had been engaged in getting the instruments of destruction ground, and was consequently taken into custody with the rest of the prisoners, all of whom were heavily ironed and placed in the various equipages which were on the spot, and consigned to the charge of a subaltern’s detachment of thirty dragoons, who escorted them to the county gaol. In the lobby of that place were the other delinquents; the wretched criminals exchanged looks of surprise, and exclaimed, “Oh! Jasus, that we should come to this!” They also made loud protestations of innocence; but finding that their appeal had no effect, they waxed sullen and morose. The men cursed, the women crossed themselves, and in the midst of these operations were hurried off to their cells. Early on the ensuing morning a countless multitude congregated in hostile array around the doomed mansion, and it was deemed necessary to augment the force of that garrison. Accordingly additional troops were applied for and obtained. Thus the parson’s once peaceful residence became a military station; the ivy-crowned lodge was converted into a guard-house, the quiet and classic study into an orderly-room, the other apartments were told off as officers’ quarters, the barns and out-offices were used as a barrack for the men, the stables were occupied by the cavalry, and the coach-house was a *dépôt* for military stores. The hitherto incredulous family, having at length been convinced of the danger attendant upon a longer sojourn at their rural retreat, quitted it for a residence in Dublin. The discovery of the conspiracy excited much sensation throughout the country; the higher and more enlightened classes expressed their horror in the strongest terms, whilst the rabble united in sympathy for the detected villains. At this unfortunate period the number of slightly disaffected and utterly lawless far exceeded that of the more peaceably inclined; the loyal and well-disposed were kept in constant terror—in fact, all who could afford to

abandon their country residences fled to the metropolis, or some large garrison town, for throughout the provinces life and property were at the mercy of reckless ruffians. It is but justice to say that all the priests for miles around preached against this system of murder; these reverend gentlemen also did all they could to induce the prisoners to make a full confession.

Early in the morning of the second day's incarceration, the coachman (Philip Casey) signified to the turnkey that he wished to see the sheriff, the governor of the gaol, and a priest, as soon as possible; this wish was duly notified to the officials in question, who speedily arrived. Upon entering the prisoner's cell he promised to make certain disclosures upon condition that he should be admitted as king's evidence; this was granted him, and he then professed his readiness to adduce such proof as should convict his colleagues. A brief period intervened between the committal and trial of the prisoners, for a special commission sat at Clonmel the third week in August. The first day, as is usually the case, was occupied in the preliminary arrangements of the grand jury, but the second was devoted to the trial of the prisoners, thirteen in number. At nine o'clock the court opened in due form, and the space below the bar was instantly filled by spectators of all classes; the bench and all the other seats were occupied by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. As soon as the commissioners were assembled the proper officer read the customary proclamation, the prisoners then entered the dock heavily ironed, and escorted by a corporal's guard. The clerk of the arraigns read the indictment, to which the prisoners pleaded "not guilty." "By permission of the Crown," said the counsel for the prosecution, "Philip Casey is admitted as king's evidence in this case, we therefore withdraw our plea against him." The chief commissioner then charged the jury, and a verdict of "not guilty" was recorded, and the witness for the Crown quitted the dock.

It would be quite uninteresting to the reader to go into the whole of the evidence adduced upon the trial; it will be sufficient, therefore, to say that the learned counsel for the prosecution dwelt at much length upon the magnitude of the crime with which the prisoners stood charged. The first and principal witness was Agnes, whose evidence excited the greatest interest; the next was the approver (Philip Casey), and upon his entering the witness-box all eyes were upon him, groans, hisses, yells, and murmurs ran through the court. In Ireland among the lower classes a man may commit the most fearful crime with comparative impunity and be tolerated, but an informer is looked upon with abhorrence. Silence having been with difficulty enforced, the witness was duly sworn—he admitted that he was to have been the principal actor in the work of midnight slaughter, but protested that he was forced into the confederacy against his will; he also stated that he and other domestics of the establishment were in the habit of leaving their master's house every night after the family had retired to rest, for the purpose of meeting their associates to concert plans; such proceedings he declared to be general in all families, where the servants were "United Irishmen,"\* and declared that had not the contemplated murder been discovered, it would doubtless have been perpetrated; he retired from the witness-box amid horrible execrations, and was escorted from the court under a strong military guard. Several other witnesses were examined, and after a short deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all parties, but recommended the female culprits to the clemency of the Court, in which merciful intercession the reverend intended victim and his wife warmly joined, and the chief commissioner promised that the application for pardon should receive the official sanction of the Bench. His lordship, however, proceeded to pass sentence of "death" upon all the criminals, with the exception of the dwarf, who in consequence of bodily infirmities and reputed mental imbecility was sentenced to receive a corporeal punishment at two separate periods, the first within the

\* Not only during this period was it customary for the servants to quit their master's house by night, but this was also done in 1821, 1824, and 1831.

precincts of the gaol, and the second at the place of the execution of the other malefactors—after which, to be imprisoned for two years. The prisoners were ordered to undergo the awful penalty of the law at the place where they had intended committing the crime. To allow ample time for the necessary consideration of the Government upon the recommendation of the jury, his lordship appointed that day fortnight for the execution. During the judge's address, breathless anxiety prevailed, but as soon as the sentence of death was announced, the hysteric laugh, the deep sob, the wailings and wild screams of the women, and the sorrowful ejaculations of "Worroo! worroo! oh, weira! weira! musha! musha!" resounded through the court (these words are of the same signification, but differ according to the counties), and were taken up by the multitude outside.

The prisoners were removed from the dock and escorted back to the gaol under a strong military guard, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, pouring forth the most piteous lamentations. During the time allowed by the Court to the criminals they preserved a sullen demeanour, and were mute on the subject of their guilt; the women occasionally wept and the men grumbled at their approaching fate, but refused to make any confession. Time wore on, the day of earthly retribution was at hand, and up to the night preceding the day appointed for their exit from this world neither pardon nor reprieve had reached the gaol; it was therefore resolved to set out for the place of execution; and in order to avoid the inconvenience of a mob, the curfew law—which was then existing in Ireland—was strictly enforced, thus all save the civic authorities were compelled to remain within their habitations from the setting to the rising of the sun; accordingly the *cortège* moved from Clonmel, lighted torches blazed in several hands, and the church bell tolled the funeral knell, the "advanced guard" was thrown out on the road to Tipperary, and the cavalcade proceeded in the following order:—A half squadron of cavalry, a six-pounder, a detachment of infantry, special constables and javelin-men, two and two, a carriage-and-four, with the sub-sheriffs, escorted by constables, and javelin-men. Then followed a large dray with the gallows, drawn by three black horses; next came an open van, drawn by the like number and description of horses—this vehicle was fitted up with benches for the prisoners and their confessors. Immediately after came another dray containing eleven rudely-constructed coffins, upon one of which were seated the executioner and his assistants, decorated with coils of rope and other paraphernalia of office; several jaunting cars with the sub-officials followed, surrounded by an escort of cavalry—a detachment of infantry, a six-pounder, and the remainder of the half squadron closed the procession. Every sixth man carried a lighted torch, and in this order they passed the noted strongholds of the insurgents in the wild district between Kilworth Mountain and the Rock of Cashel; but ere they reached the ancient town of Caher the morning sun beamed forth in glowing brightness above the surrounding mountains; every adjacent acclivity was occupied by spectators, the town was crowded—here was also a relay of horses and fresh detachments of civil and military authorities. As the cavalcade progressed the mob increased, the villages in the route and the main road were thronged, the remotest "boreen" (lane) sent forth its living stream of gazers, every "shebeen" (road-side public-house) was besieged by the "finest pisantry," the "native flowed in galore," whilst the bells of the churches on the line of march tolled the solemn knell.

In addition to the military force which accompanied the procession, the main road was carefully reconnoitred, and flanking parties of cavalry patrolled the country to the right and left; all the military posts were augmented, the sentries and videttes doubled, and field-pieces loaded with grape and canister were planted in the most raking positions. As soon as they passed the different posts the guns were limbered up and fell in in the rear, and their covering parties did the same, all guns and detachments again paraded on the place of execution. Great was the number of pedestrians as well as equestrians; all sorts of cattle

were in requisition, from the well-caparisoned palfrey to the bare-backed nag, accoutred "wid a bit of a sugawn," (a hay-band halter as a bridle) several heavy columns of insurgents equipped with pitchforks, scythes, pikes, and bludgeons, hovered about their flanks, but did not come in collision with them. When the party reached Tipperary all were provided with refreshments, every inn was filled. Mine host of the "World's End" thought there would never be an end of demands on his cellar and larder, and he of the "Labour in Vain"\* (or washing the black-a-moor white) was fully employed in washing plates and glasses for his guests; the prisoners made a hearty repast, which being over, the mournful train again set forward, and reached its destination about nine o'clock. The high sheriff and other authorities had already arrived, the prisoners' irons were struck off, and orders given to proceed with the awful ceremony; they then requested permission to make a confession, which being granted, they entered into a long detail, in which they admitted their guilt and the justice of their sentence. During the time thus occupied a rumour ran through the crowd that a horseman was in sight, riding "at a mighty big pace," and loud shouts of "God speed ye! Quick wid ye!" rent the air; however, this did not impede the preparations, which were nearly completed, yells and screams succeeded each other, amidst the wildest of which an orderly dragoon entered the court-yard at a brisk trot, cries of "Faugh a Ballagh!" (clear the way) resounded from the multitude, the mob swerved to the right and left, the military opened out, and he of the sword and sabretash entered the square at a brisk trot; he gave a dispatch to the senior officer, the purport of which was a communication from the Lord Lieutenant, refusing to pardon the male prisoners, who were ordered for immediate execution; the sentence of the two females was commuted to transportation for life. Upon the receipt of this mandate the women were conveyed to the front of the scaffold, and the men ascended it, supported by their respective priests, who continued in earnest converse with them until they were launched into eternity. As soon as they were turned off deafening shrieks from the populace continued for some time, and a few moments after the earthly sufferings of the misguided malefactors had terminated, "Jerry the ounshagh" was tied up to the triangles to receive the remainder of his punishment, but his weakly state and decrepid frame excited the compassion of the senior officer in command of the troops, and he humanely ordered only a moiety of the awarded punishment to be inflicted, after which he was conveyed to the county gaol amid the lamentations of the mob. After the usual time of suspension the adherents and relatives of the criminals made application to the proper authorities to "wake them;" this was refused, and the bodies were placed in their coffins with an ample supply of slack lime; they were then taken to the place of interment, where the rites of sepulture were performed according to the usage of the Church of Rome. Notwithstanding the observance of the forms of the national religion much tumult and discontent prevailed, and a strong military guard remained for several days in the vicinity of the place of burial. This execution was not the only one of like description that took place in Ireland at that fearful period, in every part of that then distracted country; even in her metropolis "the scaffold groaned with victims, and the air stank with unburied hundreds who fell in conflicts with the military." The unfortunate outbreak which gave rise to this event first burst forth in Dublin on the night of the 23rd of May, 1798, and raged with unabated fury until the close of the following October, when the insurgents fled and dispersed in the bogs and mountains, where they held out for several months, to the great annoyance of the public.

In conclusion of this brief detail of the tumults of by-gone days, it may not be uninteresting to state that in process of time the reverend gentleman who is the subject of this memoir returned to his abode, where after the lapse of many years in peaceful retirement, he passed to that "bourne from whence no tra-

\* Inns in the town of Tipperary now in existence.

veller returns." The approver for the Crown got a situation as coachman in the family of a noble marquis in an adjoining county,—he was living as late as the year 1831, and perhaps still exists. Jerry emigrated to the bogs of Kerry, where he studied the art and mystery of illicit sporting (poaching). The women, who were "transported beyond seas" for life, married in New South Wales, and in a few years received a free pardon. One of them settled in the north of Ireland, the other remained in the colony of her long sojourn. Castle — for many years after the event recorded was a military garrison, and still retains some vestiges of a *once* well-fortified post.

## LAYS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

### No. 12.—PORTIA.

- BASSANIO. "In Belmont is a lady richly left  
 "And she is fair and fairer than that word  
 "Of wondrous virtues.  
 "Her name is Portia—nothing undervalued  
 "To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia."—*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 1.*
- BASSANIO. "Let me to my fortune and the caskets."
- PORTIA. "Away, then—I am locked in one of them."—*Act 3, Scene 2.*
- SHYLOCK. "Oh, wise young judge! how do I honour thee!"—*Act 4, Scene 1.*

Matchless creation of a matchless mind!  
 In whom fair woman's attributes we find,  
 With added grace of manly eloquence,  
 And zeal that wrongeth not her gentler sense.  
 Subtle in judgment, temperate as shrewd,  
 With wisdom from above her speech endued,  
 For e'en the Portia of a Roman's pride,  
 To share just tribute by such gracious side.

And now what breathless interest doth await,  
 The fiat of the cause her words debate!  
 "Oh, wise young judge! how do I honour thee!"  
 "Oh, just expounder of the law's decree!"  
 Cries savage triumph, by her wit beguiled:  
 While Mercy smiles, through tears, well reconciled  
 To clear-eyed Justice in her stern decree,  
 Of altered course, the innocent to free.

Happy Venetian! whom the casket's prize,  
 A suitor proved thee fortunate as wise;  
 And the rich store its poverty conceal'd,  
 A treasure far more precious than reveal'd.  
 Portia of Belmont, fair courageous girl!  
 Gentle as wise, and young discretion's pearl  
 Of woman's wit; that bright in virtue's cause,  
 Is earth's proud gem, unstain'd by earthly flaws.



## ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

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### BOOK II.—ST. MERY.

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#### CHAPTER VI.—PREPARATIONS.

NONE but those who have witnessed the energy and enthusiasm of French republican conspirators—none but those who have seen them at work can entertain any notion of their mode of action. One must have passed a night behind a barricade, preparing, and a day behind it fighting, to comprehend the philosophy of a thing which calm people who stay at home at ease have no conception of. For me such scenes have an excitement and zest which I can hardly describe, but which I fully explain to myself.

Imagine a cellar, large and spacious, and lit by a swinging lamp, which hung from a hook in the centre, and which had probably not been visited for some time. It had once served as a wine-cellar, but the house to which it belonged had no longer any tenants needing further wine accommodation than their cupboards, and it belonged to a worthy young grocer, who was present while it was being used after a fashion somewhat unusual.

About twenty men occupied the cave. They were of all ages, sizes, and appearances. Some young, some old, some rich, some poor, but more poor than rich, for riches render men cautious about risking their lives for others—a reason why governments in their own selfish interests should seek to diffuse wealth. They were all sitting or kneeling.

In the middle of the wall, and near a recess by which the smoke escaped into the grocer's back room chimney, was a large *rechaud* full of hot charcoal. One man kept continually blowing a bellows and feeding the fire with fresh fuel, while another held a huge iron ladle over it.

He was melting lead.

Near him were several others who held moulds, and who received the lead, as fast as it was in a sufficiently liquid state.

A pile of balls lay on one side, a heap of lead on the other. It was a motley assembly of pieces, collected and carried slyly in pockets, for the occasion.

The men worked with a precision and quietness that looked much as if they had been tinkers zealously mending an old kettle. There was quite as much light-hearted gaiety in their manners.

The rest were seated a little apart, making ball-cartridges.

One pounded coarse powder in a mortar, while those near them portioned out the saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur.

The men pounded away with intense gravity.

The rest were rolling up little paper tubes, and parting them, and then filling them with powder and ball.

Lastly, one was dividing them into packets.

It was a perfect laboratory of war—a desperate and threatening prelude to the next day.

"How many pills have you made, Pierre?" asked the chief of the section, addressing the melter of lead.

"Three hundred and forty," replied the other, in the tone of a man who responds to an overseer asking a common business question.

"And the material?"

"There is enough for three hundred and fifty more."

"Thirty-five a piece."

"If we want more, we are lost."

"I see. If we can't succeed ere we fire thirty-five rounds of ball cartridge, we shall stand a good chance of being blocked up."

"Be sure," said an old Republican of the other revolution, "there will be hot work. Those who care about their skins had better stay at home."

"I am glad of it," said a young fellow in a white frock, with a smile; "I have never heard angry guns fired; I am curious to hear the music."

"Sorry music, young man," replied the old Republican, gravely,—*"especially when it whistles for our brothers. But we have no choice. La Republique for ever!"*

*"Vive la Republique!"* muttered the sectionaires, in a low, solemn, but earnest whisper.

The work proceeded bravely. Bullets were melted, cartridges formed, powder made, and all with zeal and deliberation combined. Not one of the sectionaires seemed to reflect that they were preparing for a daring and desperate combat.

Suddenly all stopped, and one or two sprang to their feet, and drew pistols from beneath their blouses.

A scratching sound was heard at the door of the *cave*, which was massive and thick.

The lamp was lowered, and almost extinguished.

The *rechaud* was covered up, the mortar put on one side, and the men stood back in the gloom of the cellar.

The head of the section opened.

Eight *gendarmes* stood on the stairs, with a Commissary of Police, and number twenty-one of the section.

"What seek you?" said the chief, calmly.

"To make a perquisition, *mon brave*," replied the commissary, while number twenty-one held up a torch. "Pity we have come too late to find your comrades."

"*Entrez!*" replied the chief of the section, "you will find nothing here that you expect to find."

"The Commissary of Police went first, the *gendarmes* followed, and then came the traitor, who held the torch.

"Take the reward of treachery," said the chief, in a low, distinct voice.

With one hand he pushed to the door, with the other he struck the traitor to the heart with a knife.

The man fell, bathed in blood, and the torch went out.

The *gendarmes* and commissary stood petrified with surprise. The noise of a rush of twenty men showed them that resistance would only cause a horrible carnage in the dark.

Two minutes after, the swinging-lamp shed its light once more upon the cellar.

The *gendarmes* were disarmed and on the ground; the Commissary of Police was gagged and bound.

"How many are up yonder?" said the chief, sternly.

"Four."

"Call them."

The *gendarme* prepared to raise his voice.

"Deceive us, and you are a dead man."

"Jean," said the *gendarme*, quietly.

"What, sergeant?"

"You may come down."

The heavy boots of the four men were heard on the steps of the cellar.

They entered. For a moment dazzled, they looked around curiously, but they were soon disarmed.

"Famous capture," said the chief, "twelve good guns, as many swords, and twelve cartridge-boxes, well lined."

The *gendarmes* looked at each other with surprise.

"Tie them all securely," said the captain of the section, "arms and legs."

"But their mouths?"

"I'll stop them effectually," cried the captain, with a sinister smile.

The *gendarmes* shuddered.

"How, captain?"

"We'll put on a famous lot of charcoal on the *rechaud*, and at the first cry one above shall shut up the chimney. These gentlemen will choose—silence or death."

"Gentlemen," said the sergeant of the *gendarmes*, "I am an old soldier; I have come here in the exercise of my duty. I have been taken prisoner. Fix an hour when we are to be free, and I give you my word not an effort shall be made to escape until then."

The chief of the section looked at the speaker. He saw the weather-beaten countenance of an old soldier, and the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast.

"I believe you, citizen," cried the chief; then turning to the *gendarmes*, "will you abide by the decision of your chief?"

"Yes," replied all.

"Then I shall trust you. You are prisoners on parole. You are not to leave this *cave* before twelve to-day. Smoke, and drink, and eat until then, but don't move."

The chief drew the sergeant aside.

"Here is a key of the cellar, which will be double locked and bolted; but the bolts do not hold. Unlock the door at twelve, and push. It will give way. You are a brave. Give me your hand."

The conspirator and the *gendarme* shook hands.

"Heaven grant you succeed," whispered the old soldier, in a low voice, "whether you fight for the Republic or *l'autre*, I care not."

"Why not join us?"

"I am in the service and pay of the government," replied the old soldier, shaking his head. "Give me another government, and I will gladly receive it."

"To work, boys!" cried the chief.

The *gendarmes* were ordered into the bottom of the cellar, the Commissary of Police was laid upon his back, the body of the traitor was thrust with a lot of straw into a sack, the blood was removed by stirring the earth, and then the sectionaires rapidly and in silence concluded their labours.

"It is daylight," said the chief, at last, looking at his watch.

The sectionaires had finished. They took the guns of the *gendarmes* and the ammunition, and prepared to depart.

Two men raised the sack which contained the body, and went first. The house they were in was on the borders of the Seine. The sack was hurriedly carried across the silent and abandoned quay, and thrown into the river.

As the men returned, with a splash still in their ears, they were met by two others.

"*Peuple et Republique*," said the two men.

"Third section," replied the others.

"What was in that sack?"

"Number twenty-one. A traitor."

"Again!" cried Victor, with a shudder, and he demanded full particulars.

The conspirators explained fully.

"It was time we struck a blow," observed Victor to Theodore, as they parted from the two men; "the police were fully on our track, and a few days would have seen our whole force annihilated."

"It was high time, indeed; but that *gendarme* was a noble fellow."

"Yes."

"But I can't help laughing at the position of the Commissary of Police."

"It is not the pleasantest in the world."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL LAMARQUE.

It was a solemn day for France; this all men knew. The Government of Louis Philippe, shaken in its very foundation, tottered. It was hated. Never was monarchy so unpopular, and had the Republican party but have had patience, it would have fallen of itself. With strict patience on their part, every day their numbers would have increased—the memory of July would have gone off, and the Republic would have been now ten years established. But the ardent democrats never had patience—they have always had the fault of too much zeal and ardour.

When there is to be a battle in Paris, everybody is generally aware of it. Government and conspirators both make ready, while the spectators equally prepare to look on.

Everybody knew that the funeral of General Lamarque was to cause a battle.

At an early hour Paris was in motion. An impatient crowd poured in from all quarters, in the direction of the house whence the procession was to start. These were National Guards and workmen, the artillery corps, soldiers, students, and persons of all classes.

The sections kept as much as possible together, so as to be able to follow the eye of their leaders.

The insurrectionary committee sat outside a *café* taking coffee and smoking cigars.

The different bodies which were to follow the funeral were engaged in forming themselves. They chose chiefs who regulated the order of the march. Every corps had its banner.

Victor Lefranc had placed his section near the entrance of the house. He could see it from the *café*.

The insurrectionary committee convened in a low whisper.

"There are others ready, besides us," said Victor.

"How?" asked Theodore.

"I see pistols and daggers in the hands of many besides our friends."

"Of course. Every man of heart is ready," said Osmont.

"And the government is ready too," cried Victor, in a low tone.

"Of course."

And the government was ready.

Four squadrons of cavalry covered the Place de la Revolution; another occupied the Wine-market; another, with a battalion of the 3rd Light Infantry, was on the Place de Greve; the 12th awaited the procession on the Place de la Bastille; the Louvre was full of soldiers; the students had their share of military honours; the Horse *Gendarmerie* lined the streets from the Prefecture of Police to the Pantheon. A body of the same force guarded the Garden of Plants, not far from the Barracks of the Celestins, where the 7th Regiment of Dragoons was ready to mount.

Twenty-four thousand men were kept close in their barracks, while thirty thousand more were near at hand.

Sixty thousand armed men were ready to put down the five hundred Republicans who were to raise their heroic flag for two days in Paris.

The funeral procession soon set out, the pall being held by four men.

They were Marshal Clauzel, General Lafayette, M. Lafitte, and M. Mauguin. Behind these came the National Guard, who, though not legally called out, wore swords by their sides.

The artillery of the National Guard had their boxes full of ball-cartridges. Their guns were loaded.

All the sections, which followed after, were armed with pistols and daggers. But they all knew where to find their guns.

Never did a funeral before, perhaps, present so strange and martial an aspect. The crowd was silent. But the faces of all men were menacing or pale with

excitement. Many were so wild with impatience for the combat that they brandished their daggers and pistols in the air.

Still the government was afraid there would be no fight.

When a ministry has no resource left; when its unpopularity is flagrant, glaring, evident; when folly and wickedness have laid it so low in the opinion of the public that it has no hope left, it has one loop-hole. It gets up a conspiracy or a fight, and the timid come back to it for a while; a reaction gives it a new lease of existence.

In June, 1832, the government pushed on the fight in every way in their power. They knew the Republicans could not hope to rouse sympathy unless attacked first, and the government resolved it should be attacked.

In June, 1849, a similar vile and disgraceful trick has saved the Barrot ministry. Falling before the Roman crime, it got up the 13th June. Rollin fell a victim to a conspiracy got up by the police.

The students led the car round the Vendome column, showing respect and homage to the dead emperor out of hatred to the living king.

The soldiers of the post in the corner, a moment alarmed at the menacing air of the procession, formed and presented arms.

"The soldiers fell back strangely at first," said Victor. "Did they expect us to attack them?"

"They have, of course, been told we would," replied Theodore.

"The government evidently want a fight," said Victor, shaking his head.

"I fancy so."

"So much the worse."

"Why?"

"They know their strength."

"So they thought in 1830."

"That was different."

"In what?"

"The whole of Paris was with us."

"It is now."

"Not it. It does not yet understand us."

"It will learn."

"Besides Louis Philippe is not Charles X., and he will have no mercy on us. Still, *en avant*. We are bound to try."

"*Vive la Republique!*" cried one.

"*Vive Napoleon!*" cried another.

"Silence!" thundered Victor. "Let some honest citizen point out these *agents provocateurs*."

Nobody replied.

"Well said," observed Lafayette, turning to the young man,—"the author of those words wanted to provoke a fight."

"He did, general, and the time was not come."

"What, young man?" asked Lafayette, in a somewhat agitated tone.

"We are on the verge of a revolution, that is all."

"I hope not. My God! Am I then to live and die in revolutionary times?"

"We are always in revolutionary times until we have gained the goal. It is only put off, never given up."

"And the end?"

"Ah! Monsieur the General, can you ask me?"

"For you it must be the Bourbons," said Lafayette, a little sneeringly.

"The Bourbons?"

"Yes."

"The Bourbons for me?"

"Are you not Monsieur the Marquis de Frontignac?"

"Yes, but I was Victor Lefranc."

"Ah, true! I recollect that name, and your face is doubly familiar to me."

"I saw you, general, at the Hotel de Ville, on the 30th July, 1830."



Lafayette bowed and said no more. The words of the Republican marquis had set him thinking.

The vast procession, increasing every hour in numbers, advanced along the Boulevards. The pavement was taken up by another vast multitude watching the procession go by.

Police in uniform and in disguise were mingled with the crowd, and their manner plainly showed that they were ordered to provoke the people as much as possible; but they paid no attention to their insolent manner, nor to their remarks.

Windows, balconies, trees, roofs of houses, all were covered by a dense mass of people, too prudent to go into the streets, but too curious not to wish to see what was happening, and what was about to happen.

The procession was advancing towards the Place de la Bastille. The procession was in such a state of excitement that the Revolutionary leaders could scarcely keep them down.

"What are we going to do?" asked one.

"To found a Republic," answered a conspirator.

"How?"

"Where?"

"When?"

"Patience, my boys. Do not fear, you will know all those little details directly. Be ready to do your duty, and don't give yourself the bile by being curious."

"But," said a student to Pierre Gonfran, who was then lecturing them, "I may perhaps be allowed to ask if my musket will be wanted?"

"Permit me to observe," responded Peter, "that we don't say musket."

"What then?"

"A five-foot clarionet is the word."

"Why so?"

"Because the *mouchards* may report a man to the *curieux* for talking about his musket, but not for speaking of a five-foot clarionet."

"Good! that's an idea. I thank you."

"*Tiens!* I hear a noise. What is the matter? Are the police down on us already?"

"It can't be," said the student.

"I say, you are taller than I am,—look out!"

"*Vive la charte!*" cried the student, mechanically.

"What is it then?"

"It's the Polytechnics."

"Bravo! that's good. It warms. Just agoing to begin, ladies and gentlemen, just agoing to begin! walk in, walk in!"

It was indeed the Polytechnic School. Though consigned to the house during the funeral, they had burst their bounds, and arrived bare-headed and with torn clothes to join the movement.

Tremendous applause greeted the arrival, which was simultaneous with reaching the place.

"The Marseillaise," cried the crowd.

"The Marseillaise," repeated Victor.

The military band at the head of the column at once struck up the splendid air of "*Rouquet de l'Isle*," and an electric shock shook the whole line of march. A scaffolding had been temporarily erected at the end of the Place de la Bastille.

General Lafayette, M. Mauguin, Generals Saldanha and Sercegnani, and Marshal Clauzel, ascended the scaffold and made the usual speeches delivered on such occasions.

These speeches were solemn and grave, befitting a mere funeral. But it was more than a funeral, it was the signal of a revolution.

When the distinguished personages above mentioned had spoken, Victor Lefranc stepped forward.

The dense crowd now pressed more closely and eagerly round the scaffold.

Victor spoke in a loud, clear, and ringing voice, which was heard afar off on the boulevard.

He spoke of Lamarque, his patriotism, his virtues, his military exploits, and then turned to the general policy of France.

Mauguin, Lafayette, and the others looked uneasy. They were afraid they were about to be compromised.

Victor spoke of the Revolution of July, reminded those present that its combatants fought to tear up the treaties of 1815, for human progress, for liberty, and not for a selfish, grasping, tyrannical, and egotistical king. Never were Louis Philippe and his government more severely handled.

The crowd howled with delight.

Theodore and the sections scarcely could restrain their impatience. They wanted to begin. They clutched daggers and pistols as if they feared to lose them.

At last Victor Lefranc terminated his speech; and then, closing his eyes, and holding aloft his arms, he cried in a tremendous voice:—

“VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!”

It was the signal.

Ten thousand voices answered from all sides of the place in one warm and tremendous cry.

The people were delighted, students, workmen, National Guards, embraced each other with tears in their eyes.

Lafayette and his friend, especially the warlike Mauguin, endeavoured to make their escape.

The news spread like wildfire through the town that a cry of “*Vive la Republique*” had been uttered.

Everybody knew that this was an insurrection.

(*To be continued.*)

## PENCILINGS OF POESY.

By FANNY E. LACY.

I see thee not, sweet violet,

But I know that thou art breathing nigh;

And that with dew thy leaves are wet,

By the balmy freshness of thy sigh:

I know that all with beauty fraught,

Thou'rt blooming even at my feet,

And that oft I pass thee by unsought,

In haste some gayer flower to greet.

And thou an emblem art of life,

When as its flow'ry paths we roam,

A weary course of care and strife,

For blessings often nearer home.

Oh, there are many Heaven-lit hours,

All unregarded, doom'd to fleet;

And many sweet neglected flowers,

Like the hidden violets at our feet.

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

—  
"Oui, ce monde, Seigneur, est vieilli pour ta gloire!"—LAMARTINE.  
—

WE think that we shall be performing a task at once beneficial and agreeable to our readers, by giving them some account of a writer who holds a sway in the regions of English thought such as has been held by no man since the death of Coleridge—whose influence is perceptible in the best productions of his contemporaries, but yet who is not very generally understood or appreciated. Thomas Carlyle is in everybody's mouth—true; but we are afraid that he is not in everybody's head. His disciples have not gone the right way to work to popularise his doctrines. Some of them have been heavy, and some have been affected. The elaborate essay of the late John Sterling, first published in the *Westminster Review*, and subsequently in his collected essays, is a laboured exposition of Mr. Carlyle's opinions. But it is too laboured—too artificial—too systematic. It is also cold; which the master himself never is. It is a daguerreotype, and not a picture. Mr. Carlyle's system wants some one to do for it what Professor Nichol does for the heavenly system—to make it intelligible to the dull, and beautiful to the cold. It must be popularised; and ought to be, surely, now-a-days, when the advance of mere material luxury has brought pine-apples at a penny a slice within the reach of the million. We mean to do our best, in the following pages, to make Mr. Carlyle and his works more familiar to the many than they have yet been; and that, too, in a quiet, familiar way, without pedantry or proseness.

And first, for Mr. Carlyle himself. He is a Scotchman; having been born in Dumfriesshire, in the parish of Middlebie (in which his father had a farm), near the little town which rejoices in the name of Ecclefechan. He is about fifty-three years of age. He was educated at the town of Annan, at an academy conducted by the late Mr. William Dalgleish; with regard to which we ought to remark that besides Mr. Carlyle, it produced Clapperton, the famous African traveller, and Edward Irving, the gifted and unfortunate preacher. Irving was Carlyle's schoolfellow in youth, and his friend till death; and there are few pieces of writing in our language more solemn and beautiful than the article which Carlyle published in *Fraser's Magazine* on that melancholy event.

Some biographers would enlarge on the progress of our philosopher in the Latin language. We consider it infinitely more interesting—ay, and more important, too—for the world to know that at school he delighted in gathering his schoolfellows round the fire-place and telling them ghost stories; that he delighted in reciting Burns' "Death and Dr. Hornbrook;" and that on dark and stormy nights he would wander out to muse by the banks of the river Annan! One sees in such facts as these how early that divine *wonder* which is manifested in his writings was manifested in his life. Who shall say how much of his philosophy he heard in the Annan's roar? Who shall say how early "Death and Dr. Hornbrook" awoke in his mind that strange humour—so sombre sometimes, and sometimes so bright—which pervades "Sartor Resartus?"

After leaving Annan Mr. Carlyle went to Edinburgh; with the view, it is said, of becoming a lawyer. But for him to have become a lawyer would have been as absurd as for Ben Jonson to have remained a bricklayer. The "courser of the sun" was not doomed, however, to work "in the harness of a dray-horse;" a lawyer he did not become, but, after a certain period, obeyed

his call (a very different one from a call to the bar), and became a literary man. He first distinguished himself as a German scholar; was the correspondent of the great Goëthe, whose "Wilhelm Meister" he translated; wrote "The Life of Schiller;" contributed to the *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, *Foreign*, and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, at various periods (articles which have been collected into a volume of "Miscellanies"); but he first acquired his great reputation by the publication of his "Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh," which appeared in parts, in *Fraser's Magazine*. His "History of the French Revolution," and "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship," attracted great attention. After these, were published "Past and Present," and "Chartism." His last work was the "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." Such is a very brief outline of his career; but the general etiquette of literature forbids the minute detailing of the history of a writer during his life. It is no part of the critic's duty to dilate on the adventures or habits of the celebrated; and the curiosity which prompts inquiry into them has generally much more *snobbishness* than hero-worship in it.

Mr. Carlyle's style is altogether peculiar and his own, and his language has been entitled Carlylese. It is indeed a wondrous tongue! Huge sentences, involuted in the strangest way, glittering with fiery metaphors, roll along—sentences long as Clarendon's and fanciful as Jean Paul's. These sentences, such as you find in the most wayward parts of "Sartor Resartus," have always reminded us of Virgil's description of two serpents coming across the sea from Tenedos, to devour the doomed Laocoon—

— enimensis orbibus angues  
Incumbunt pelago;

—there you have them, with their circumvolutions, sailing triumphantly along—

— jubæque,  
Sanguinæ exsuperant undas,

—the blood-red crests are the bright and fiery metaphors.

And then—

Fit sonitus, spumante salo!

—What is that, but the roar of the sarcasm, and the splash of the Attic salt?

But the sentences are not all long. It is a favourite plan of Mr. Carlyle's to wind up a paragraph with a short hard one, which he drives in like a nail, and clenches with a blow.

His style is singularly effective. It rasps against a hostile argument, like a file. It has every variety of charm, and never a deficiency of power. It is often beautiful, sometimes fatiguing, never weak. It is sometimes fatiguing, but that is from the weight of the thought and the earnestness of the writer—not from any other cause. You do not tire of it as you do of some styles written now-a-days. There are two very heavy substances in nature. One is lead, the other gold. Carlyle's heaviness is the density of the precious metal. And when you tire of his writings, you tire as a man does who has been walking with a giant. The pace is too fatiguing for ordinary weakness.

We hear his style very much attacked; we are told by some that it is affected. Affected! There would, indeed, be something very extraordinary in affectation or trickery on the part of a writer, all whose works are so many protests against both. What!—a writer who is pre-eminently in earnest—whose distinguishing characteristic is his sincerity,—is he the man you would accuse of *assuming* a style unnatural to him, for theatrical purposes? The accusation is, *prima facie*, absurd. But, in truth, is not Carlyle's style suited to what he had to communicate? He who labours to arouse an age ought not to be expected to speak in the calm mediocre strain of him who aspires only to soothe, or amuse its repose. The man had a mission to perform. Shall the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" be modulated like that of one crying articles for sale in the street? Shall he who has a prophecy to deliver drawl

it forth in the measured tones of operatic recitative? The truth is, that the nonsense which is talked about *style* generally springs from the silly and delusive metaphor which compares *style* to *garment*, and calls it the *dress* of the mind. This metaphor—being pleasing to foolish ears, became dear to foolish minds; and now a notion has got abroad that a writer's style is a kind of thing which he puts on and off like his coat. People believe that an author is one thing and his style another; whereas all great original writers—all first-rate geniuses and master spirits of the earth—all "teachers *sacred*," as distinguished from mere "teachers *literary*" (see Emerson's essay, "The Over-soul"), have had styles of their own, belonging to their own natures, inseparable from them, and unlike all others. Thus, Jeremy Taylor is *outré* and extravagant indeed, compared with Blair or Paley, whose styles are so trim—but he is a demigod compared to them. He differs from them as Columbus from the captain of the Great Western steamer. Perhaps style may more justly be compared to the motion of the body, and may be said to show an author's mind, as the walk shows the character of the walker. But no permanent reliance can be laid on mere comparisons. Let us rather—as more likely to clear this difficult subject—remember this general rule, that he who has something new to communicate naturally adopts a new way of doing it. It surely would have been somewhat unnatural were a man who professed to find his age wrong to begin his reform by a servile adoption of its very modes of expression! Carlyle's style is his mind in action; and it were better to leave it to use its own gestures without interference. That that style is forbidden to some is true. *Tant pis pour eux.*

With regard to the speculative part of Carlyle's writings, it should be said that he is more anxious to teach man to *do* or *act* than to gratify curiosity by inquiring into things about us. He recognises the truth of Dr. Johnson's saying, that this is a world "where much is to be done, and little to be known." He impresses the necessity of work, and praises the old monastic saw, *laborare est orare*—work is worship. Thus, in "Sartor Resartus," in speaking of the hard lot of the day labourer (p. 268), he bursts into the apostrophe "toil on, toil on, thou art in thy study, be out of it who may;" and immediately afterwards (p. 269) he says, "It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor; we must all toil or steal (however we name our stealing), which is worse." The reader, therefore, must not come to the study of his works expecting to find an answer to metaphysical questions—to see things explained and "accounted for." Very absurd is the charge of *mysticism* which is made against a teacher who everywhere enforces on you a plain duty. He gives you no glimpses of a "seventh heaven," which unto him is a mere "lubberland." He encourages no *idle idealism*. To him who seeks for an *IDEAL*, he says, "lo! you have it here, even in the humble life in which you are placed. Your America is here, or nowhere." He always represents life as a struggle, and repels as a shallow philosophy that system which announces that "happiness is our being's end and aim," which indeed is nothing but a materialism that makes comfort a deity, and takes no account of the noblest part of man—his recognition of the Divine element, his longing for the Infinite, and those sublime feelings in which melancholy originates.

Carlyle in his philosophical opinions is a Transcendentalist—one of the disciples of that philosophy which teaches that the material world and all those appearances commonly called appearances of sense, exist only in the mind; that what we call *TIME* and *SPACE* are but *forms* of the mind; that *we* ourselves are (as he says) "light-particles floating in the æther of Deity." Looking at the world from the vantage-ground of this philosophy, we see that all the most important objects—books, laws, rites, religions themselves, are but symbols of ideas, or so many particles of the spirit of the universe invested with body. Thus, the cross is a symbol—chivalry the institution was a symbol; or, in plain language, the Divine idea of loyalty embodied in the middle ages.

Now, transcendentalism being the base of Carlyle's system, and transcen-



dentalism being a philosophy which looks *through* everything to spy out the Divine in it, it is quite natural that the primary effort of Carlyle is to point out the Divine element—to insist on the recognition of it—to insist on the hollowness of everything which has it not. Such has been his whole object throughout. He had a more difficult task to perform (seeing the age he was born in) than to *vindicate the ways of God to man*. He had to bring man to recognise God, once more! Let us hear a few words from “*Sartor Resartus*” (page 319), in which he speaks of the object of that work: “If” says he, addressing the reader, “thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with wonder, and based on wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money’s worth.”

The fact is, that Carlyle found himself among a people who had yet to learn the A B C of philosophy, or rather, the still more necessary task what philosophy meant. When he entered into life the utilitarian philosophy (as it was called) was at its height. The world had been mapped out, as it were, into a lodging-house; the stars of heaven had been numbered and registered like so many lamps; the Scotch metaphysicians had even made a business-like division of the various parts of the mind; and French inquirers were trying, by examinations, to find out whereabouts in the liver was the seat of the soul. The world had become a grand ordinary, where everybody ate as much as he could get for the money. When mention was made of religion it led only to a discussion upon tithes; and heroism had vanished from public life. Materialism was sitting like a ghoul by the graves of dead beliefs. The moral world was in just such a state as the material world is represented to be in, in Byron’s wonderful sketch “*Darkness*.” Everything was mechanism: there was no enthusiasm, and no faith.

We see, in such a state of things, the proper time and occasion for the appearance of such a teacher. We see how necessary it was that some one should direct the eye of the faithless wanderer to “the region of the wonderful.” Materialism was dominant; here was a man of the loftiest spiritual belief. Cant and common-place ruled public discussion: here was a writer bold and fearless in innovation—earnest as a puritan—with the imagination of an old Hebrew psalmist—and yet the keenest scientific glance, and shrewdest sarcasm.

Men turn round to Carlyle and say, “Well, what are your remedies?” To ask the question, is to mistake the whole purport of the teacher. He does not profess to have a Morison’s pill for the evils of the world. Such pretensions belong to the godless and soulless quacks of politics, who acknowledging no divine element in the body-politic, go blundering about with material nostrums which benefit nobody but the vender. The man professed to have in his desk *an act of parliament for making England a happy and contented nation*. He knew, and knows (and every day makes the fact clearer), that the reform required is neither more nor less than an impulse of divine enthusiasm at the heart of the nation—akin to the feeling which prompted the hymn of the Puritan, and the prayer of the Crusader. This is a reform from which no political measure can exclude any man. No laws against petitioning can prevent petitions to God. In such sublime measures the lowest citizen has a vote. In such an agitation the weakest can join: for the weakest and poorest,—can he not at least pray?

We think, then, that what we have called “the recognition of the Divine element” is the basis of Mr. Carlyle’s philosophy. He who has drunk at this fountain will see the whole world, afterwards, with different eyes. He next advances to HERO-WORSHIP.

Hero-worship is that sublime idolatry with which we regard the first-born of God—the blood-royal of creation—the Moses, the Luther—the cream and flower of our planet. It is by these—few though they are—that the world is governed; and the best state of mankind is that in which they are most recognised, and most readily obeyed. We reverence God when we admire

them. Mr. Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes" were intended to excite that state of mind which is favourable to this influence: his "Life of Cromwell" (in consistent pursuance of his views) shows us the career of the last hero that this country has produced—the last ruler of the English people, who lived in the Divine idea—who had a real Divine right to rule. "His Past and Present," again, performed a cognate service by contrasting our present age—of worn-out institutions, and worn-out creeds, and symbols that are almost meaningless,—with an age of firm faith, and natural institutions. He took us from our boasted mechanism, and grumbling discontent, and landed us in an era—uncouth indeed—but full of holiness, and nobleness. For (mark this) there is no age so barbarous of times gone which our enlightened era could not take something from, with benefit to itself. What if we were to exchange one of our railways, or the Nassau balloon—or any of our triumphs—for a splendid hero, or a divine priest?

It is remarkable how much is due to Mr. Carlyle, by many who influence the age—and do not acknowledge what they owe to him. Puseyism itself is blundering Carlylism. It is a hero-worship that has chosen the wrong heroes. It is the metempsychosis of the religious principle into an old dead body, instead of a new body altogether. Carlyle held up his lamp—and the Puseyites hailed the light, but took the wrong way.

Then the Young Englanders were set going by Carlyle; but *they*, unfortunately, in their adoption of hero-worship, committed the error of taking themselves to be their heroes. But nothing can be hoped from them. With them it is a *fashion* to be reformers. All such ape-like imitators of the divine contortions of the sybil profane the sanctuary.

The influence of Carlyle is seen in Bulwer's philosophy; in Mr. Disraeli's best affectations; and in the moral and independent tone and morality of Mr. Thackeray's fictions. The three words on Mr. Carlyle's banner are WONDER, SINCERITY, and WORK. He has already learnt much from his writings who looks on Nature with reverence and awe, man with fearless love; and there could be no better commendation on him, than a man with God at his heart and a spade in his hand.

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## THE KING OF THE FOREST.

I AM an old tree, hoar and worn with time,  
And o'er my head have many changes pass'd—  
A hundred years have gone, since in my prime  
I first stood up, and dar'd the angry blast  
Of Heaven to bow me down; yet I at last  
Leafless shall stand, beneath the winter's sky;  
Yet, tho' my foliage to the winds be cast,  
These cannot kill: too weak for such as I,  
'Tis Heaven's own thunderbolt shall strike me when I die.

And when I perish, and my pride has sunk,  
E'en when I fall I shall have liv'd my day—  
When the bird builds within my hollow trunk,  
My strong heart moulder'd, and my green crown grey—  
My branches torn, my foliage stripp'd away,—  
Then shall I be a monument to tell  
The tale of life—a record of decay:  
He liv'd, he grew, he flourished, and he fell;  
The earth is now his grave, and Time has toll'd his knell.

Around me in my youth a forest stood;  
Where is it now, for am I not alone?—  
Stand I not here in solemn solitude,  
With none to answer to my nightly moan,  
Obedient to the tempest? I have grown  
Hoary with years, and men respect me now,  
And here I stand decaying—not o'erthrown,  
Though Time has shed its snows upon my brow—  
Time, the all-conquering king, before whom all must bow.

Whither hath vanish'd that umbrageous wood?  
Where are the trees that canopied the plain?  
Ah! some have sunk to ruin where they stood;  
But many are battling with the stormy main,  
Freighted with life and thunder. They retain  
The strength which to their youth creation gave;  
And as they sweep the ocean, they contain  
The free, the good, the merciful, and brave,  
When the blind battle rages on the far-heaving wave.

Their's is the power to dare the tempest's shock,  
To bridle the wild ocean, and to ride  
The untam'd waves; for as the rooted rock  
Scorns the mad storm, and tosses back the tide,  
Such is their plenitude of power and pride.  
Ah! many a heart has blessed the British oak,  
When on the sea, tumultuous, dark, and wide,  
First to the startled ear the cannon spoke,  
And echoing loud and long the storm of battle broke.



And some are rotting in the ocean's bed,  
From the far East unto the utmost pole;  
They moulder there, companions of the dead,  
Above them the unnumbered waves shall roll,  
Unchanging, till the knell of time shall toll;  
For this boon Heaven to *all* its creatures gave—  
Which malice cannot rob, nor kings control—  
The vile, the good, the free-born, and the slave,  
Tyrants, and tyrants' victims,—all may find a grave.

And now my song must end as it began—  
What are my services?—what have I done?  
I lend my royal shadow unto man,  
And intercept the radiance of the sun;  
And when the long course of my years has run,  
Then I shall be remembered. By *their* aid  
The sea has been subdued, the battle won,  
When from each hostile armament array'd  
Far o'er the dancing waves the mimic lightning play'd.

Yet perish they unnoted and unknown,  
No deathless memories on their ruin wait,  
For thus is honour dealt—to grace a throne,  
To sit in idle pageantry of state;  
This is the monarch's task. Men call it great;  
Whilst the unnumbered millions—they who toil,  
Who glory give and wealth, and pow'r create,—  
These suffer. Occupation may not soil  
The noble's hand,—wealth, power, and glory are his spoil.

Wealth, glory, power—sweet fruits of bitter woe!  
The sower sows the seed, and others reap  
The harvest. The loud hurricane may blow,  
The war may rage upon the stormy deep,—  
It matters not, nobility may sleep,  
And wake to wealth and honour. Ye may sigh,  
Ye sons of poverty—ay, ye may weep,  
Nobility has no ear for your cry,  
For ye were born to want—in misery to die!

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## MUSIC : ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### GOLDONI.

ONE of the contemporaries of Metastasio was Goldoni, who, like the distinguished author just named, was an eminent writer of operas; and by the popularity of his productions afforded that scope to the abilities of musical composers which alone was wanting to carry the science of song to its altitude. He was born at Venice, in 1707, and, in singular coincidence with his great rival, not only furnished early instances of great precocity of talent, but was intended as a member of the legal profession. Before he had attained his eighth year he had written the skeleton of a comedy, with a plot of such ingenuity, and abounding in such happy hits of humour, that few who perused it could credit that it was the work of one so young. On attaining a proper age, and having completed his studies at the university, he proceeded to Venice, in the courts of which he commenced his practice, and subsequently succeeded to the appointment of Secretary to the Venetians resident at Milan.

In a place like Venice the elegant and accomplished mind of Goldoni became naturally attracted by the charms of the stage, and the talents of its writers. The number of these was not great, as Metastasio held too high a supremacy to admit of successful rivalry to any extent. Nevertheless there were some competitors who flourished successfully and deservedly. Amidst these were the celebrated Marcello, a composer of psalms, and the author of *La Fede Riconosciuta* and *Arata in Sparta*, two operas which were successfully produced in the beginning and end of the year 1710. Another author of the period was Count Scipio Maffei, who wrote an elegant pastoral opera entitled *La Ninfa Fida*, and the tragedy of *Merope*. Count Durazzo, another nobleman of great ability, wrote *L'Innocenza Giustificata* for the *débüt* of Gabrielli, a famous singer of the time; and such was the success of the opera that it was performed a hundred successive nights. The fair sex also distinguished itself with the aristocracy in the person of Signora Gozzi, a Venetian lady of considerable literary eminence, who edited a collection of poetry, entirely written by the most celebrated women in Italy, and who further signalled herself by the production of *Agide Rè di Sparta* and *L'Elenia*, two operas, which in 1725 and 1730 were performed at Venice. Calsabigi and Glück were also luminaries of that period; and, surrounded by such a host, it is small marvel that the early predilection of Goldoni should burst forth, and that he commenced operatic writing with a view to distinguish himself on his arrival at Milan, where he resolved to abandon all occupations for that of an author. To this end he prepared a musical tragedy entitled *Amalasonte*, and big with the hopes of a youthful author departed with it for Milan.

In those days there were no railroads for the conveyance direct of travellers from city to city, and even from empire to empire. Goldoni was consequently subject to all the stoppages from which the present generation has just been enfranchised, and therefore made his journey by easy stages. One of these conducted him to Vincenza, where he stopped at the residence of Count Trissino, who was related to the author of *Sophonisba*, and whose opinion was of course taken on the important manuscript, but the noble host afforded little encouragement, and Goldoni departed with a heavy heart, although but little discouraged.

He reached Milan during the carnival, and at the height of the opera season ; he was acquainted with the manager and several of the performers, amidst whom was the famous vocalist Caffariello. These he invited to a perusal of his piece, but the aspiring dramatist was again destined to receive those mortifications which invariably beset the opening path of genius. Caffariello scarcely deigned to recognise him, and on his entrance seated himself by Madame Grossatesta, the lady of the house, after saluting the poet with the air of an Alexander. Shortly afterwards Colonel Prata entered ; this was one of the directors of the theatre, and on being introduced to Goldoni, promised him, in a half patronising tone, to introduce him to the managers ; but added that he must first hear the tragedy read. This was exactly what Goldoni wished, and having seated his visitors around a small table with a single candle, he opened his dearly-cherished tragedy.

The scene that ensued might furnish a page in fiction. Beginning at the commencement, Goldoni pronounced the title of *Amalasonte*, upon which Caffariello caught up the word, and singing it in a burlesque style, exclaimed that it was too long and ridiculous for tragic effect. A burst of laughter followed, in which all joined, save Madame Grossatesta, who scolded vehemently, and the hapless Goldoni, who endeavoured to stifle the mirth by reading the *dramatis personæ*, consisting of nine characters, but scarcely had he got through a third of the list, before an eunuch who was present, and who sang in the choruses, mewed like a cat, and exclaimed, "Too many, too many, there are at least two characters too many !" M. Prata, however, possessed too much gentlemanly feeling to longer tolerate such insolence, and sharply rebuked the intruder, reminding him that he did not possess the merit of a Caffariello to excuse him. Then, turning to Goldoni, he added :—

"It is true, signor, there are usually not more than six or seven characters to a drama ; but when a work is deserving of it we have no objection to be at the expense of a couple of actors more. Have the goodness to go on."

Goldoni resumed his perusal, as follows :—

"Act first, scene first—Clodesile and Arpagon—"

"What is the name of the first soprano ?" interrupted Caffariello.

"Signor, it is Clodesile," replied the embarrassed author.

"What !" resumed Caffariello, "you open your piece with the principal actor, and make him appear while the audience are coming in, seating themselves, and making a noise? Really, sir, I am not your man."

Here M. Prata again interposed, and demanded a hearing for the first scene at least. Goldoni once more went on, when a person, who in his memoirs he designates as "an insignificant little wretch," drew a paper from his pocket, and seating himself at the harpsichord, commenced trying over an air in some part he had to perform. In vain Madame Grossatesta stormed and apologised without intermission, and Goldoni at length closed his manuscript. The trial was a severe one to his feelings ; but it was a thing almost of custom, and even in the present day is frequently practised. A new dramatist is always looked upon as an interloper ; and we doubt if there be a single member of our own Dramatic Authors' Institution who has not passed through a similar ordeal.

Genius, however, is sure to meet a Mécenas, and Goldoni did not prove an exception to the rule. Colonel Prata at once resolved that he should have justice, and kindly taking him by the hand, conducted him to an adjoining closet, and after apologising for what had transpired, insisted upon Goldoni being seated and going through his tragedy from beginning to end. The poet complied, and at the conclusion M. Prati addressed him as follows :—

"It appears to me that you have tolerably well studied the poetics of Aristotle and Horace, and that you have written your piece according to the principles of tragedy. You do not seem to be aware, however, that a musical drama is an imperfect work, subject to rules and usages, destitute of common sense, I allow, but still necessary to be followed. Were you in France, you might take more pains to please the public, but here you must begin by pleasing the actors and actresses ; you must satisfy the musical composer ; you must con-

sult the scene-painter. Every department has its rules, and it would be treason against the drama to fail in their observance. Listen, then, and I shall point out a few of those rules which are immutable, and with which you seem to be unacquainted. The three principal personages of the drama ought to sing five airs each; two in the first act, two in the second, and one in the third. The second actress and the second soprano can only have three; and the inferior characters must be satisfied with a single air each, or two at the most. The author of the words must furnish the musician with the different shades which form the *chiar oscura* of music, and take care that two pathetic airs do not succeed each other. He must observe the same precaution in distributing the bravura airs, the airs of action, the inferior airs, and the minuets and rondeaus. He must of all things avoid giving impassioned airs, bravura airs, or rondeaus, to inferior actors. Those poor devils must be satisfied with what they get; and every opportunity of distinguishing themselves is denied them."

Goldoni thanked the speaker for his advice, and, returning home, consigned his manuscript to the flames. But the failure he had experienced only served to kindle fresh ardour, and he immediately set to work on a tragi-comedy, which he entitled *Belisarius*, and which he succeeded in getting produced at Venice in the November of 1734. Its success was such that he rapidly followed its production with two comic interludes or *intermezzi*, denominated *La Pupilla*, and *La Birba*, which so increased his reputation that the manager engaged him to make alterations in Apostolo Zeno's opera of *Griselda*, for the purpose of its production with music by "*Il prete rosso*," (a name bestowed upon the celebrated Abbé Vivaldi, on account of the redness of his hair.) This ecclesiastic was, however, but a second-rate composer, though an excellent performer on the violin; yet when Grimani, the proprietor of the theatre, sent Goldoni to consult him on the necessary changes to be made in the opera, his reverence thought proper to treat the dramatist with considerable indifference. The extemporaneous production, however, by Goldoni, of a song for *Griselda*, changed the aspect of affairs, and Vivaldi, having read the lines with delight, called in a pupil, named Mademoiselle Giraud, to peruse them also. This young lady had to represent *Griselda*; she was a native of Venice, but daughter of a French hairdresser, pleasing in manner, graceful in action, elegant in shape, with hair, eyes, and mouth of the greatest beauty.

"Here," exclaimed the abbé, on her entrance, "here is a wonderful man—here is an excellent poet; read this air: this gentleman has just composed it without stirring from the spot, in less than a quarter of an hour."

He then embraced Goldoni, and his laudations having been confirmed by the opinion of Mdlle. Giraud, he at once entrusted the entire opera to his visitor, and its success richly rewarded the confidence of all parties.

In 1755 Goldoni produced his famous comic opera *La Buona Figliuola*. This was an alteration of a comedy by the same writer, entitled *Pamela*, and founded on Richardson's popular novel of that name. The music was composed by Piccini, and the success of the production of the highest order.

From this period the productions of the fortunate dramatist multiplied rapidly. He had commenced with tragedy and serious opera, but finding comedy more suitable to his talents, he quitted the tragic muse, after three offerings at her shrine in the shape of *Orontes*, *Gustavus Adolphus*, and *Statira*, and then attached himself to Thalia for the remainder of his career. The number of his productions amounted to nearly fifty, and are remarkable for their light, airy, and grotesque construction. Of these, Galuppi was the principal composer.

In 1762, Goldoni was engaged for two years to write dramatic pieces for the Italian Opera of Paris, which city he never afterwards quitted; for at the close of his term he was appointed Italian master to the princesses of France, to whom Louis XV. was nephew. Deprivation of sight, however, suspended his labours for three years, and on his recovery he was rewarded with a pension of four thousand livres, and a gratuity of a hundred louis in a gold box. In 1783 he declined an invitation to London by the management of its Italian Opera;

but consented to write a new opera, and to revise old ones for the place, on condition of being permitted to do so by correspondence. In this way he produced his famous comic opera of *Victorina*, and was most liberally rewarded for his exertions during a course of many years. On the demise of Louis XV. he became Italian teacher to the Princess Clotilde, and subsequently to the ill-fated Princess Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI. The revolution cost him his pension, and reduced him to poverty ; which was vainly striven to be amended by the exertions of the Brissot and Girondist party on coming into power. In 1787 he relieved his distresses by the publication of his autobiography ; and in 1793 died, at the age of eighty-six, full of years and honours.

## CHAPTER XII.

HAVING devoted due space to the authors who, by improving the *libretto* of Italian opera, contributed to its musical excellence, we now return to those composers who went hand in hand with those writers in the ennobling pursuit, and proved worthy successors of the great masters who were first to introduce reform in each department. The list is long and brilliant, and associated with names which will never die ; forming a host of contemporaneous greatness to which the period was indebted for its appellation of "the golden age of the Italian musical drama." It has already been seen that the poetry of the Italian opera was refined and elevated by the writings of Apostolo Zeno, Metastasio, and Goldoni, and that music underwent a simultaneous and like process under the fostering care of Alessandro Scarlatti, Caldara, and others. Let us now inquire by whom this mighty work was carried on.

It will be borne in mind that the great composers above mentioned had entirely remodelled the science of composition, and freed dramatic music from all its former incumbrances of a complication of fugues, canons, and harmonic contrivances ; and it was by proceeding in the same course that their successors completed the great work of improvement. It had been discovered by the originators of the movement that melody and expression formed the essence of dramatic music ; that recitative and air were distinctive, and that each possessed its peculiar feature, and demanded its proper function. With the discovery of the theory came its reduction into practice, and then followed the disciples to beautify and adorn the structure which the primitive architects had left in naked simplicity. Amongst those who aided in the task may be specified Domenichino, Scarlatti, Perez, Hasse, Sarro, Terradellas, Galuppi, and Mancini ; but the greatest are yet to be named : of these Pergolesi carried melody to the utmost degree of perfection. But he stood not alone, however, in his glory ; for while he acquired the title of the Raphael of music by the grandeur and simplicity of his style, the strength and nature of his expression, and his beauty, grace, and unity of design, he was all but equalled by Leonardo Leo, Vinci, Porpora, and Rinaldo Capua, the first of whom was conspicuous for the grace and melody he added to his airs, and the richness and brilliancy of their accompaniments ; the second, through the medium of *recitativo obbligato*, or accompanied recitative, increased the energy of dramatic dialogue ; to which further improvements were added by the two last mentioned composers, who gave additional variety to the phrases, increased facility to the cantilena, and heightened its effect by the instrumental accompaniments.

As if destiny had premeditated at this period the full development of musical science, the singers of the time were professors of surpassing excellence, making expression the great object of their study, abjuring the embellishments of bravura passages, and ensuring a high degree of purity by the acquirement of a simple and natural style, perfect intonation, and exquisite skill in the management of the voice. To these they added great attention to dramatic action. Many of these vocalists have already been enumerated, but will bear repetition, as a list of those who lived in the golden age of music would be incomplete without them. The most famous of the female singers was Signora Tesi,



whom critics pronounced the first actress of her time. Metastasio's Bulgarini has been amply mentioned in our biographical sketch of that great writer; and of almost equal celebrity were Signoras Gabrielli, Mignotti, Cuzzoni, and Faustina. Of the males, those most worthy commemoration were Senesino, Caresini, Mancini, Guarducci, Gizziello, and Farinelli, the greatest singer the world ever produced. Much of the perfection to which all these attained was attributable to the excellence of the vocal schools with which the cities of Italy then abounded, and in which purity of execution and nicety in the management of the voice were especially taught. As may be imagined, attention to these points was most conspicuously paid in places forming the chief seats of sacred music; and Rome, as the highest, of course engrossed the latest and best improvements, and the labours of the greatest and most finished masters. Florence, Milan, Venice, Naples, and Bologna were all celebrated for the excellence of their schools and the proficiency of their teachers; but the queen of cities soared towards perfection, and maintained conspicuous eminence above all the rest. Her teachers, with Ferdi and Amadori at their head, were the most accomplished in Europe, and every lesson was based upon some principle of elocution laid down by the olden classic instructors, who carried the art of oratory to completeness. In imitation of Demosthenes, Ferdi and Amadori found means of convincing pupils of defects by the medium of their own ears. This was by taking them to a spot beyond the walls of Rome, where a remarkable echo repeated the same sound several times; and thus, by making a pupil the hearer as well as utterer of a note admonished him of his faults more effectually than was to be done by all the stings of animadversion. The same thing was practised by the Athenian orator, who engaged Echo to assist him in teaching singing, and frequently remarked that the same nymph should have been named the goddess of harmony.

In a grove of nightingales it is difficult to select the warbler of the sweetest song, and in searching for names deserving of biographical notice we are at a loss where to begin lest we heedlessly commit an injustice towards any of the illustrious chiefs who held rule during the era on which our pen has so long been occupied. To avoid this we will proceed as chronologically as possible, and will be guided more by date than data. In accordance with this plan we will commence with Nicolo Porpora, who, as pupil of Alessandro Scarlatti, was the contemporary of those men whose histories we have most recently detailed. From him we contemplate proceeding with Vinci, Sarro, and others, and as remark upon the influence of such men in the musical world has already been exhausted we shall forbear all preliminary comment to each memoir, and proceed without surplussage to the history under its proper head.

NICOLÒ PORPORA. (Born at Naples, A. D. 1689).—Like most eminent men, Nicolo Porpora commenced his career in poverty and obscurity. He was Scarlatti's most celebrated pupil, and yet was well nigh crushed by royal disapproval at the beginning of life's race. He had proceeded from Naples, the place of his nativity, to Venice, in which city he had for some time resided poor and unemployed. At length some of his works got abroad, but were pronounced by the Emperor Charles VI. as too much encumbered with shakes and other vocal ornaments to be worthy the serious attention of connoisseurs, and thus the compositions of Porpora had to encounter at the onset those chances of obscurity which are far more fatal than the fiercest assaults of malevolence. A better fate, however, awaited him. He formed a friendship with Hasse, who detecting the germs of true inspiration generously resolved to take the novice by the hand, and promised to introduce him to the imperial notice on the first opportunity.

Warned of the objections of Charles, Porpora set to work immediately upon an oratorio, with the resolution of not introducing a single shake; and having completed his composition succeeded in obtaining official permission for its performance before the emperor. Charles could not forbear the expression of his astonishment when he listened to the work, and several times repeated, "Why, this is quite a different thing—there is not a single shake."

As the performance proceeded imperial attention was evidently transfixed by its beauties, and at length the concluding fugue of the oratorio was reached. Here a change became perceptible with startling suddenness, and the theme opened with four trilled notes. These were taken up and answered in succession by the different parts and, in accordance with the rules of that species of composition, were worked through all their varieties, which naturally produced a perfect deluge of shakes heard in the full height of the fugue, and producing a most extraordinary and original effect. It seemed as if the music was tittering at the emperor's taste, and the imperial auditor himself burst into a shout of laughter at the whimsical circumstance. This was sufficient for the audience, who shouted with enthusiasm, and mingled their plaudits with their praise, thus laying the foundation of Porpora's fortunes. Had Charles been a laughing monarch his mirth would have brought ridicule upon the composer, but as his gravity had never before been known to be disturbed the ebullition of his risibility was construed into an expression of rapture.

In 1717 Porpora produced his first opera, *Ariana e Teseo*, at Vienna, and with its success completed the foundation of his fame. After the production with similar success of several other works in that city he proceeded to Venice, where he had to compete with the great Leonardo de Vinci, but was, nevertheless, in time appreciated to the extent of his deserts, the Venetians bestowing the utmost applause upon his *Ariana*. Proceeding to Dresden he was engaged as singing-master and *maestro di capella* to the Princess Maria Antoinette, and he there encountered his friend and patron, Hasse, with whom he entered into competition, and succeeded eventually in sharing with that composer the countenance of royalty and the favour of the public. What gave an additional interest to the friendly contest was a similar competition between a pupil of Porpora's and the wife of the other great *maestro*, - Faustina, the hitherto unrivalled lady of Hasse, being successfully opposed by the youthful, gifted, and charming Mingotti, who was now introduced for the first time as a candidate for popular favour.

An epoch now approached in the history of Porpora which carries us back for a brief space to England, where music had progressed for some time until it had placed a Handel at the head of the opera. In the proper place the course of the science in this country will be duly traced, but at present it will only be necessary to allude to the particular circumstances which carried Porpora to our music-loving isle. The principal of these was a faction at that time running high between the partisans of Cuzzoni and Senesino, Handel's leading singers, who having quarrelled with each other and their manager, divided the subscribers, and brought on the rupture of which we speak. Matters had long been ripening towards this result, as Handel had for some time past given great umbrage to the subscribers by increasing the charges for admission on oratorio nights, and the nobility had frequently declared that could a fitting conductor be procured, and one capable of encountering the giant Handel, they would at once set on foot an opera in opposition to the magnate who had so long wielded the British *baton*. At this juncture the reputation of Porpora pointed him out as worthy of the trust, and in 1713 he received an invitation from our nobility to join the seceders in establishing a rival opera. A similar offer was made to Farinelli, whose progress will be detailed hereafter. Nicolo lost no time in accompanying his friend to London, and at once assumed the post of conductor and composer to the mutinous troops who had withdrawn from the opposite banners.

The battle, however, was to the strong and the race to the swift. The fell swoop with which the invaders burst upon the town might have succeeded in overthrowing any other opposing force, but Handel had already built his name upon the rock of ages, and he proudly and triumphantly withstood the shock. Not, however, that Porpora failed in his exertions, but that Handel shared a greater amount of success, and eventually carried off the palm.

The first success experienced by Porpora was that which attended the production at the King's Theatre of his *Ariana e Teseo*. This had a run of twenty

nights, and was succeeded by his *Fernando*, which met with several representations. His career of good fortune lasted for three seasons, during which he was judicious enough to produce the works of other composers. In 1735 he composed his *Polifemo* expressly "per la nobiltà Britannica," and such was its success that it was performed throughout the entire season. The work contained several brilliant pieces of music for Farinelli, Montagnana, and Senesino. The king and the rest of the royal family honoured its first performance with their presence, thus giving *prestige* to that success which the intrinsic merits of the work so richly deserved.

Determined to pursue his fortune, Porpora, in the same year, encountered Handel on still higher ground in the composition of an oratorio. This was entitled *David*, but the Philistines gave it a reception which it only survived during a space of three nights. Handel, on the contrary, produced such an impression with his *Athalie*, *Deborah*, *Esther*, and other oratorios, that their performance enabled him to keep his theatre open during a couple of months without the aid of opera.

In 1737 Porpora gave up the struggle, and quitted England, although his compositions continued to remain popular in that country for many years. On reaching Venice he obtained the appointment of master of the Conservatorio of the *Incuribili* of that city. His mind had, however, become cankered and care-worn by the struggles in which he had engaged; he grew morose, and his temper was soured; the consequence was that after a lapse of some years he lost his situation, and in 1759 returned to Vienna, where he resided in a state of extreme poverty. He was here discovered by Haydn, then an obscure young man, but ambitious of acquiring a proficiency in music under the tuition of so renowned a composer. Being unable to pay for instruction, he contrived to get introduced to the family of a Venetian nobleman named Cornaro, who resided at Vienna in the capacity of ambassador from the Republic, and who had engaged Porpora as teacher of music to his mistress, Wilhelmina, who was passionately fond of that art. It was through means of his own musical attainments that Haydn gained the introduction; but having once procured the *entrée* to the hotel of the embassy, he devoted all his attention to the veteran Neapolitan, whose coat and perriwig he brushed and combed every morning with the utmost assiduity. Porpora at first received these attentions very ungraciously; but finding that they proceeded from a pure admiration of his talents, and the desire of cultivating his good offices, he gradually relaxed, and gave the benefits of instruction in return for the little acts of servitude to which the future planet of the musical hemisphere daily condescended. One circumstance that accelerated this display of good will was the engagement of Haydn by Cornaro to accompany the beauteous Wilhelmina in singing Porpora's airs.

On the termination of his connection with the ambassador the aged composer grew poorer than ever, and he sought the assistance of his friend Farinelli, at that time residing in high favour at the Spanish court. Metastasio undertook to be his amanuensis, and addressed the great vocalist in a letter of the most touching pathos on behalf of the veteran composer, and in which he besought Farinelli to procure for Porpora one of the pensions for decayed composers then in the gift of the Spanish crown. The demise, however, at that period of Ferdinand VI. defeated the intentions of all parties, and the disappointed veteran returned to Naples, the place of his nativity, where in 1767 he expired, at the age of eighty-two, in a state of extreme poverty, after having advanced the art to which he was devoted a quarter of a century at least beyond the position in which he found it.

The misfortunes of poor Porpora must not be attributed to improvidence on his own part, as they resulted from the troubles which at that time disturbed all Saxony, and deprived him of the pensions he had so honourably earned. At one period before his death he was literally in want of bread.

(To be continued.)

## MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday, the 24th ult., the leading event of the season came off in the production of Meyerbeer's long-expected opera of *The Prophet*. Written when its composer had already acquired an eminence equal to that attained by any of his predecessors, it did not come before the public as a mere claimant for favour, or candidate for fame; but it was issued to mankind as the matured and finished production of a master who, having surmounted the entire difficulties of his art, and become confirmed in the confidence in his own powers, had bent his mind to the construction of his master-piece, uncontrolled by precedent, and unbiassed by any rule or regulation, save those which met his own approval. The consequence is that a work has been executed which may be styled the model of the Meyerbeerian school. Did all the other compositions of Meyerbeer perish, *Le Prophète* would furnish an everlasting specimen of his peculiar and original style. It combines all the depth, the mastery of harmony, and singularity of method in dealing with accompaniments which he first developed in his earliest production, and afterwards carried out in his *Robert the Devil* and *The Huguenots*. It is in music what the "Inferno" of Dante and the "L'Allegro" of Milton combined would be to poetry. Here he soars to the sublime, there sinks to the deepest depths of the infernal; anon he toys with some light fancy, and indulges in gay and bacchanalian strains. In short, every species of melody is introduced; and we have before us the grandest specimen of modern genius. For ten years has this opera lain neglected on the shelves of the Italian Opera at Paris. The success of its production fulfilled all the hopes and anticipations of the admirers of its composer, and now that it has been proved a work of true merit, its introduction in this country became a matter of course.

The plot of the piece (written by M. Scribe) has its foundation in history, and is laid in the times of the great peasant war in Germany, the origin of which arose in an effort made by the nobility, in 1564, to abridge the comforts of the poor by forcing them to labour on the Sabbath. A certain lady of high rank, the Countess Eidenhel, having ordered her vassals to employ the Sunday in gathering the shells of snails for bobbins, and strawberries for the ladies of her court, a meeting took place on the subject, at the suggestion of one John Muller, after which a number of men proceeded in a body, headed by John Muller, to the count, and declared their determination to be free. Hundreds, of all grades and ranks, flocked to support them; and in less than a fortnight their numbers amounted to four thousand, and they assumed the imposing title of the Evangelical Confederation. Such was the commencement of the great peasant war, which has furnished more materials for the pages of poetry and romance than any other public event in the history of Germany. The movement in a short time became both political and religious, and was headed by Thomas Munzer, a notorious demagogue, who had long undertaken the defence of the Anabaptists against Martin Luther, and was engaged in spreading the doctrines of Socialism throughout Europe. He was succeeded by the no less infamous John of Leyden, the personage who gives the title to the opera under notice; but as Scribe has blended the prototype and the archetype into one by uniting the characters of the originator and his successor, it will be necessary to pursue the career of the first in order to set the reader historically correct upon the subject.

Having published a manifesto of the wrongs of the peasantry, and demanded a charter of freedom, Munzer assumed to himself the title and authority of a prophet; and after, in imitation of Mahomet, placing under ban all priests, knights, and nobles who did not join the cause, proceeded to urge the infuriated

peasants to the perpetration of the most frightful atrocities, and to spread devastation throughout Westphalia and the whole of Germany. Luther termed him the "assassin prophet," a designation he strove to deserve by issuing a glowing circular to the peasants of Thuringia, where Munzer had succeeded in establishing a temporary authority in its capital at Mulhause. The document is characteristic of the times, and, having urged the peasants to turn against their rulers, concludes by saying—"I say to you, smite them; smite, smite, as God said to Moses! If you will not suffer for the love of God, you must become martyrs to the devil. Wherever you are three in number God will be with you, and you need not fear myriads of the impious. On them, then!—on, on! It is impossible that the word of God should flourish among you so long as a priest or a noble remains upon earth."

The chiefs selected by Munzer resembled himself in fiendishness of character. The principal of these was Melchior Nonnenmacher, formerly a musician in the service of Count Louis of Holfenstein; the second was a man named Jaquet, who in early life was an innkeeper; and the third was Hoffmann, a man scarcely less infamous for his merciless disposition. The atrocities of which they were guilty are stains upon the history of mankind, and of these the most conspicuous were those they committed at the taking of Weinsberg, where the nobles were massacred in cold blood after the battle was over. Amongst those who thus perished was the Count Louis of Holfenstein, who was ordered to head the rest of the prisoners in marching through a double line of their captors to endure the punishment known by the name of "Lauzen-jagen" (the lance hunt). This was a punishment usually reserved for deserters, who were made to march through the ranks, and submit to be beaten to death with lances; and the count was, in a tone of brutal mockery, ordered by Jaquet to "lead off the dance." At this juncture the countess, with an infant in her arms, flung herself at the miscreant's feet and implored his mercy for her husband. Jaquet, however, thrust her with his foot to the ground, and one of the peasants wounded her child by hurling his sabre at her arm. Nonnenmacher now advanced, and snatching the count's plumed hat, placed it on his own head, and then preceded him to the line, playing and dancing as he went in burlesque imitation of his ancient practice when in the service of the count. The countess was forcibly held between two men to witness the death of her husband, and during the swoon into which she was thrown by the spectacle, was stripped of her robes and jewels, and then flung into a dung-cart, drawn by a bullock, to be conveyed in the garb of a mendicant to Heli-bronn, still holding in her arms her wounded child, whom she afterwards devoted to a monastic life, ending her own days in a convent. On being reminded by Jaquet that she had left Weinsberg in a gilded chariot, she made the following remarkable reply:—"I have been a sinner, and probably deserve my fate. Christ our Saviour also entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, amid the acclamations of the populace, and soon afterwards was led to be crucified, amid the hisses and cries of the same people. He will grant me consolation. I forgive you, and I pray that God may grant you penitence and pardon!"

On the retaking of Weinsberg by the Imperialists the above atrocity was deeply avenged. Orders were issued to take Nonnenmacher alive if possible, as his enormities were considered the greatest. He was burnt alive, and his agonies protracted for more than an hour. Jaquet and Hoffmann suffered with him, and by order of the Archduke Ferdinand Weinsberg was burnt to the ground, and its ruins left unrestored, as a perpetual memorial of their crimes. The insurgents were equally shocked at the horrible conduct of their peasant leaders, and proceeded to elect Goetz, of Berlichingen, as their commander, under the title of "the knight with the iron hand." Suspecting, however, his fidelity, they made him their prisoner as well as chief. On the subsequent defection of Goetz *la guerre des paysans* was carried on under the leadership of a priest named Matthew, who marched against Munster, but was killed during the seizure of the place; and, for want of another leader, they selected a young



tailor, named John Bockelsen, but who is better known in history by his appellation of Jean of Leyden. The career of this man fixed the eye of the sixteenth century. He became the prophet king of the German Anabaptists, and succeeded in propagating his doctrines throughout the length and breadth of the land. His fanatical followers viewed him as the long-looked-for Messiah, and they crowned him with great splendour at Munster. Here he ran a somewhat lengthened career of tyranny and debauchery, and at length met his death, the victim of treachery, owing to which he was in 1536 defeated by the Bishop of Munster, and after being put to death by the most excruciating tortures was suspended to the view of the populace in an iron cage. His portrait is preserved in Munster to this day, and to which an annual procession is headed by the bishop of the diocese in commemoration of his capture and death.

Such are the materials upon which M. Scribe has founded his opera, and Meyerbeer bestowed the last outpourings of his gigantic genius, but for which the public has awaited upwards of ten years. Let us now trace the plot of the piece itself, and place it before our readers in juxtaposition with the historical facts from which it is drawn, and which have furnished a plot as stirring, as complicated, and as interesting as that of the composer's far-famed *Huguenots* and *Robert the Devil*.

In the dramatic form of the history the characters of Munzer and Jean of Leyden are, as already specified, blended; and the piece commences at Dordrecht and Leyden, in Holland; in the first-named of which places three Anabaptist leaders of the Westphalian revolt arrive at the domains of the Count d'Overthal, for the purpose of inciting his vassals to rebellion. An opportunity for kindling the flame is soon afforded by the forcible seizure of Bertha, a peasant girl, who, as serf to the count, is compelled to ask permission of her noble master to give her hand in marriage to the object of her choice. Her betrothed is John, an innkeeper, of Leyden, and she is accompanied by his mother to tender her petition; the count, struck by her charms, resolves to become himself their possessor, and she is borne to his chateau. The Anabaptists take advantage of the popular fury at this atrocity, and, by blending an appeal to their feelings and fanaticism, incite them to an attack upon the castle, which concludes the scene. The second scene—which is the first of the second act in the original—takes place at the *auberge* of Jean, at Leyden, who, at the same period of time, learns the outrage upon Bertha and is exposed to the temptations of the Anabaptists, who trace in him a resemblance to a portrait of David, preserved in the Munster Cathedral. Bertha is the narrator of her own wrongs, having fled from her persecutor, who pursues her to her retreat, and threatens the life of Jean's mother, unless Bertha be given up. The emotions of filial duty overcome those of tenderness, and Jean relinquishes the maiden of his heart for the sake of his mother; but overborne by despair, he subsequently departs with the Anabaptists, and pledges himself to support their cause.

In the second act Jean, who has been appointed leader of the insurgent forces, storms and takes possession of Munster. He has been represented to the populace as a prophet; and being a sort of masculine Joan of Arc, he manages to establish an influence over the multitude such as could not be exercised by a mere ordinary leader. His position and power resemble those of Moore's Veiled Prophet, Mckannah; and all Germany has by this time learned to tremble at his name. The plot progresses but little during this act, which is, nevertheless, one of the most animated in the opera. The scene is laid on a frozen lake fronting a forest in Westphalia, and on which the soldiers of the prophet have made their bivouac. To this place the provincial peasantry muster with provision for the soldiery, and as all are provided with skates, a scene ensues such as has never before been witnessed in this country, save at Her Majesty's Theatre. This one feature alone is sufficient to render the opera attractive until the end of the season. In the third act the prophet is crowned Emperor of Germany, notwithstanding the abhorrence in which his tyrannies have by this time occasioned him to be held. His mother, not knowing it is

her own son, and now reduced to mendicancy, resolves to shorten the days of a man to whom the world is indebted for so much misery. When, however, she recognises in the newly-crowned prophet her own offspring, she at once unfolds the fact to the multitude, and all are struck with amazement. When, however, the life of her son is about to be sacrificed to the discovery, she resolves to repay his former sacrifice on her behalf by now denying her own asseveration. This is looked upon by the people as a miracle, and furnishes one of the most exciting and dramatic situations on the stage.

In the fourth act the prophet visits his mother in her dungeon, and kneeling obtains her pardon. In the meantime Bertha, equally ignorant that the imperial tyrant and her lover are identical, arrives in the disguise of a pilgrim, with the determination of firing his palace. They recognise each other in time to frustrate the design; but Jean having during the interval been betrayed by the Anabaptists, falls a victim to their treachery, and the city is invaded by the legitimate emperor. Inviting his friends to a sumptuous banquet, the prophet launches into a bacchanalian air, in the midst of which he fires the train prepared by Bertha, and an explosion and conflagration ensuing, he is destroyed with the whole of his court.

Such is the brief outline of one of the most extraordinary operas ever produced, and certainly one of the most dramatic pieces on the stage. As the piece is destined for immortality, we append the distribution of its characters on the first night:—

Fides (mother of John of Leyden), Made. Viardot; Bertha (betrothed to Jean of Leyden), Miss C. Hayes; John of Leyden (the Prophet), Sig. Mario; Count d'Oberthal, Sig. Tagliafico; Sergeant, Sig. Lavia; Peasants, Sig. Rommi and Sig. Soldi; Jonas, Mathisan, and Zacharia (the three leaders of the Westphalian revolt), Sigri. Polonini, Mei, and Marini.

The histrionic abilities displayed by the above *artistes* will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Viardot, who was the original Fides, and has made her *débüt* in the same part, was transcendently great, and bids fair to approach the pinnacle attained by the unrivalled Malibran. Mario also displayed a fire and a power of eminent lustre, and was admirably seconded by every other personage in the opera. Of the music throughout it is difficult to find adequate expression. The public must hear it more than once ere it can be duly appreciated; but when once thoroughly understood, it will become enthusiastically adopted as the standard of modern excellence. It commences with an orchestral movement in G minor, and opens with a chorus in G major; the melody of which is truly delicious. Our intention was to select the gems for notice, but these sparkle so numerously that we can only find room for those which were honoured with special applause. The first of these was the concerto in C minor, "*Noi forti siamo—questi oppressor, disfidiamo*," delivered with fine effect by the three Anabaptists. The trio, "*O libertade, è tua vittoria*," with the full orchestra, and a chorus of nearly two hundred voices, was one of the most magnificent things ever listened to, and its encore one of the most rapturous within our recollection. The gush of melody poured forth by Viardot and Catharine Hayes, in the exquisite duetto, "*Della nosa un dì nell'onde*," was absolutely electrical. Never shall we forget the sweetness of the cadence introduced by Viardot in the words "*Si, lui la salvò*;" it was like the prolonged note of a bird, and created a *furor* of applause. The "*O sorte fatale!*" a portion of the same duet, had a similar effect, and at its termination the theatre rang for several minutes with applause. The chorus, "*Danziamo, ah si, danziamo*," with the opening dance of the second act, were both encored, as was also the glorious little piece of melody in A minor "*Fra poco, o dolce idea*," with which the part of the prophète commences; this was delivered by Mario in his most delicious style. He gained a renewal of these honours in a species of declamatory recitative, wherein he recites his vision to the Anabaptists, and which commences with the words "*Sottó le vaste arcate*." The instrumental accompaniments to this scena are of the most marvellous de-

scription. His aria, "Un impero più soave" was sung with a harp accompaniment, and is wedded to so delicious a melody that it cannot fail of becoming popular. The "O, figlio mio" of Viardot was replete with all that is sweet and wonderful; nothing could surpass the soul-subduing tenderness with which she uttered the words "Di madre affetto;" while the burst with which she delivered the passage commencing "A me tu desti," was one of such sublimity that, after being encored, she was again called for to receive the hurricane of applause that awaited her. The quartett, "O santo ardore," between John and the Anabaptists was another triumph of masterly art on the part of the composer, and of execution on the part of the vocalists. The "Versa, versa, amico caro" of Polonini, in A minor, was another specimen of originality much applauded; while the entire scene in the camp of the Anabaptists elicited thunders. Viardot achieved another of her triumphs in the "Pietà, pietà, signori," where she is discovered seated on a stone as a mendicant. Her broken respiration throughout this piece told with admirable effect, and dissolved many of her hearers into tears. The "Per serbar me fedel" of Catharine Hayes was in her best style of execution, but was eclipsed by her duet in E major with Viardot, of "Varia illusion." The "Che Dio salvi il re profeta" of the latter occasioned another outburst of applause; her action was truly Siddonian, and surpassed even the finest effects of Rachel. The scena, duet, and chorus with which this act terminates was, as we have already stated, one of the marvels of music. The acting throughout was a first-rate specimen of histrionic excellence; and at the conclusion Viardot and Mario had to advance to receive what can only be termed a perfect ovation. Had the entire chorus been called before the drop, they would have deserved the honour. Viardot's next piece of transcendentalism was her "L'ingrato m'abbandona;" but even that was surpassed by the superb manner in which she gave the "O verità—figlia del Ciel," and in which her powers may be said to have been exerted *tours de force*. Her duet with Mario, "Mia madre, mia madre," was another finely-rendered piece, marked with dramatic power, dignity, and the expression of maternal love. Mario's "Beviam, e intorno giri," in the last scene, was loudly encored, and the "Tu traditore," with which he concludes the piece, terminated the greatest series of triumphs ever achieved in a single performance. He was called for, with Viardot and Catharine Hayes; and we have the high gratification of recording that, amid the deluge of bouquets flung at their feet, one alighted at the foot of Viardot from the hand of Grisi, who occupied a box near the stage.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The month of June, 1849, has been rendered memorable in the annals of the opera by the return to its boards of one who had long been considered as one of the "lost pleiades" of Her Majesty's Theatre. This was the distinguished and amiable Sontag, who some years ago created an enthusiasm throughout Europe only equalled by the *furors* that attended the career of a Malibran and of a Lind. At that period Sontag and song appeared synonymous; while the beauty of her features, the grace of her person, and the exquisite lustre of her character, rendered her the idol of the public and the esteemed of private circles. The history of her career is too well known to need particularising, and its outline will suffice to refresh the memory of our readers. A German by birth, she commenced her career at Vienna, at the age of fifteen, and at once stamped her fame as a *cantatrice* of the first order. From there she proceeded to the *Italians* at Paris, where she shared the lead with Malibran, and participated in the popularity of that immortal *artiste*. Thence she departed for England, and having made a brilliant *début* at Devonshire House, was engaged to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, where she was at once acknowledged as the best soprano of the age. Having earned for herself a reputation that had not been equalled since the days of Catalani, she now retired to Berlin, and shortly afterwards it became known to the world that she was on the point of marriage with Count Rossi, a nobleman holding high office in the court of his sovereign. She took her farewell in *Semiramide*, and was then united in presence of the entire Prussian court to her noble suitor. She was not forgotten, but became talked of as a "light of other days;" and to have breathed a supposition that the same star would again rise in our hemisphere would have been to have incurred the smile of incredulity. At length, however, the spirit of revolution that has recently swept over the Continent, and laid low so many dynasties, hurled the count, her husband, from his high station, and laid prostrate their fortunes. Unsubdued, however, the noble songstress resolved to surmount the emergency by having recourse to her former profession, and supporting her family by the exercise of her magnificent talents. This she carried into effect, and on the 7th of July she re-appeared in the character of Linda, in Donizetti's opera of *Linda di Chamouni*. The house was crowded, and her success complete. Never was audience more taken by surprise. It had been expected that her powers must have experienced a diminution through the ordinary course of time, and that she had become matronly in her appearance; instead of which it was found that her vocal gifts had become matured, and that her charms of person and feature were as fascinating as ever. But a few years past thirty, she does not appear to be more than seven or eight-and-twenty; whilst her histrionic excellence is as great as ever. On her entrance she was received with a burst of enthusiastic applause which lasted for several minutes. This was resumed on each occasion that she sung, and her opening recitative, the cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima," and the duet, "O consolarmi," with Gardoni, were hailed with thunders. It is unnecessary to detail the number of *encores*, the numerous calls before the curtain, and the showers of bouquets which she elicited. Suffice it that Jenny Lind herself was never more enthusiastically received, and that she not only resumed her station in the temple of fame, but placed herself upon a higher pinnacle than before.

Since that period she has given several repetitions of the character, and likewise appeared in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and in the ever-attractive opera of *La Sonnambula*, in each of which she displayed new powers, and strengthened her popularity. The success of her return to the stage is without precedent, and furnishes a significant proof to the world of the appreciation in which worth and talent are held in this country. We doubt not that her career will be as protracted and as brilliant as was that of Jenny Lind herself.

Another attractive novelty of the month has been the production of Paul Taglioni's ballet, entitled *Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver; ou, les Patineurs*, in which the celebrated skating scene that recently attracted all Paris during the performance of *Le Prophète* was introduced. It should be mentioned, however, that the scene in question belongs

to the ballet, and was borrowed by Meyerbeer to aid the success of his opera. Nothing was ever more admirably put upon the stage, and nothing during the season has been more successful. The skating scene was wonderfully and beautifully executed. It embodied a winter's day on the Danube to the life; and for grace, dexterity, and intricacy, surpassed everything of the kind ever before witnessed in this country. The ballet has been repeated throughout the month; and will, doubtless, long preserve its popularity. The scenic effects are magnificent; and the snow-storm and match at snow-balling at the end diverting in the extreme. It will, doubtless, long continue to be popular.

Parodi, Alboni, Lablache, and the other stars, have, in the mean time, not been idle; and since our last have appeared with undiminished effect in *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, to well-filled houses; but it cannot be concealed that the main prop at present of Her Majesty's Theatre is Madame Sontag; and we heartily trust that the termination of her success will be a complete restoration of all her fortunes.

On Thursday, the 26th, Madame Sontag advanced another step in public favour. This was in Rossini's *Otello*, in which she commenced her second season at Paris, in the year 1828. This was twenty-one years ago, and it is not to be supposed that her powers had then the magnificent qualities which now distinguish them; but they are to be dated from her first appearance in the character of Desdemona, and in which she then displayed so slight a portion of talent as to provoke the animadversions of the Parisian critics. This induced her to bend her attention to the study of the dramatic art, and the result is that Desdemona is now the most striking character she performs. The very opening air is a piece of vocalisation that stamps her excellence, and the exquisitely-thrilling effect of her shakes in succeeding intervals is more like the *furor* attending the conclusion of an opera than the sensation usually produced at the beginning. The succeeding *cabaletta* abounds in those rapid passages in which she reveals *sotto voce* with equal sweetness. It is an introduced air by Nicolai, and will often, hereafter, form one of the gems of our concerts. Her "Assisa al piè," in the third act, was one of those melodious expressions of melancholy which touch the heart, and exhibit Sontag as mistress of the most difficult feats of vocalisation. Her *finale* to the second act was another brilliant display, as was also her touching expression of grief at the end of the third. She was ably supported by Moriani, as *Otello*, and the success attending the revival of this long-neglected opera was such as must induce the management to repeat it frequently. Calzolari maintained his reputation in *Rodrigo*, while the terrible "Vi maledico" of Lablache, in *Elmiro*, was a display of histrionic grandeur which once witnessed is never forgotten. Belletti's *Iago* was another triumph; and, in short, the opera throughout was most admirably rendered. The house was well attended, and Madame Sontag, after being called for at the end of each act, had to appear three times at the fall of the curtain.

## OPERA COMIQUE.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

### RESUME OF THE SEASON.

The brilliant and highly-productive season of the Opera Comique was brought to a close on Friday the 20th ult., on which occasion was represented *Un Monsieur et une Dame*, and *Le Maria de la Dame de Chœurs, ou Renaudin de Caen*. The former of these popular vaudevilles was supported by the well-known and versatile powers of M. Arnal and Madame Doche, each acting with a versatility and excellence that confirmed their claim to the popularity they have achieved. In the latter production an equal display of life, bustle, and spirit was given by the same *artistes*, who sustained the parts of Moquet (tailor en Maillots) and his wife, the pretty Ninette (coryphée a l'opera); Dochet in this part was even more fascinating than usual. Nor were the other performers behind-hand in the exertion of their abilities; those deserving particular notice were M. Frank, as Jules (chevalière jeuneune elegant); M. Martial, as Verdier (vieux garçon); and Mademoiselle Maucini, as Lalotte (mere de Ninette, et ancienne danseuse), &c. "God Save the Queen" was afterwards sung with pleasing enthusiasm and spirit by the entire company, and terminated the most prosperous season it has yet been the good fortune of Mr. Mitchell to experience. His success, however, is nothing more than the well-deserved reward of his own exertions. He has rendered the Opera Comique a permanent institution in this country, and in the course of a single season has produced a greater number of admirably-selected pieces and first-rate *artistes*, than at any precedent period. Since January, twenty-two comic operas have been produced in a style of splendour and excellence such as have not been equalled since the establishment of the French plays on the Metro-



politan boards. These comprised the most popular compositions of Adolphe Adam, Auber, Boileau, Herold, and others, and ranked among the list *La Dame Blanche*, *Acton*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Les Deux Voleurs*, *Zanetta*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *Concert à la Cour*, *La Double Echelle*, *Le Châlet*, *Le Panier Fleury*, *Le Predeaux Clercs*, *Les Rendezvous Bourgeois*, *Ne Touchez pas à la Reine*, *La Part du Diable*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Le Maître de Chapelle*, with numberless merry vaudevilles and *petite comedies* of the most attractive description, and to support which the talents were secured of Couderc, Octave, Zelgar, Arnal, Mdle. Charton, Madame Doche, and a host of the most brilliant names connected with the French drama. No wonder that the subscribers testified their satisfaction by the presentation of a piece of costly plate to Mr. Mitchell, and that his theatre has been nightly crowded, and frequently honoured with the presence of Majesty itself. Let this be a lesson to our own managers, and let us hope that at the termination of next season we shall have to pen our comments in a tone of equal gratification to that by which our present farewell notice has been so pleasingly dictated.

### SURREY.

In pursuance of the well-grounded system on which Mr. Shepherd has hitherto acted, he has, during the past month, in his pursuit of novelty, introduced to his patrons an operatic company, comprising the talents of many of our best English vocalists; amongst whom may be specified Mr. Leffler, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Travers, Miss Romer, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Poole, and others. These have represented in the English tongue some of the best foreign operas, and thus rendered the master-pieces of the greatest composers familiar to those whose unacquaintance with the Italian language precludes them from thoroughly enjoying those productions in which the most highly educated find their chief delight. So numerous, however, have been the entertainments with which the month has been varied that our present notice will rather resemble a catalogue than aught else. On the 3rd of the month Mr. Emery, the talented stage-manager to the establishment, took his benefit, and was rewarded with a bumper. The entertainments were *The Wife*, supported by Creswick's Julian St. Pierre, and *The School of Reform*, in which the Tyke of the *beneficiaire* reminded us of his father in the same part. The ballet of *Menorella* concluded, giving Mr. Flexmore and Mademoiselle Auriol an opportunity for the display of their popular powers. The remainder of the week was occupied with the addition of *Clari to The Wife* and *Menorella*. During one-half of the following week Miss Romer drew crowded houses to witness her in Bellini's *Sonnambula*, followed by the laughable farce of *The Middle Temple*; and on the other nights of the week Miss Poole proved equally attractive in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, succeeded by Leffler in his celebrated part of Steady, in *The Quaker*. *The Miller and his Men* concluded the performance on each evening. Words would be wasted in specifying the points in which the above named vocalists chiefly excelled. They are so well known that the task would be mere iteration. On the 16th the *Sonnambula* again brought Miss Romer forward, and on the 17th and 21st she appeared as Leonora, in Donizetti's *Favourite*. Miss Poole made her appearance on the 18th, 19th, and 20th as Arline, in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. *The M.P.*, *No Song no Supper*, and *The Momentous Question* filled up the remainder of the performance. Last week *The Favourite*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The M.P.*, were repeated, with the addition of Mark Lemon's *Three Secrets*; or *The Lost Jewels*. An operatic novelty is in store, which we understand is to surpass in grandeur and magnitude anything yet attempted at this now prospering establishment.

### M. DE KONTSKI'S CONCERT.

On Monday, the 16th, M. Kontski, the celebrated *protégé* of Paganini, gave a grand morning concert at the establishment of Madame Dulcken, whose high celebrity as a pianist and a caterer for public amusement attaches a prestige to everything with which she is connected that is sure to render it attractive. Kontski himself is always a magnet of extraordinary power; and with two such names as loadstars, it is not at all surprising that a full and fashionable attendance was attracted. The programme was full of temptation, and consisted of selections from the most difficult compositions of the most celebrated masters. Kontski himself appeared inspired by the occasion. He held his instrument as though it imprisoned some familiar spirit, and brandished his bow as would an enchanter the wand of his power. Every touch was a display of mastery. The slightest note was a scientific feat, and the way in which he blended the most difficult bowing with the most exquisite *staccato* movements was perfectly ravishing. He, in fact, brought all the complications of the instrument into active play at one and the same

time. In the course of the concert Madame Dulcken herself entered into competition with the distinguished violinist, and executed Beethoven's sonata in E flat minor, with all that consummate finish of style for which as a pianist she is so distinguished; M. Kontski kept pace with her efforts, and between the twain the audience was delighted with a display of executive excellence almost beyond precedent. A fantasia was afterwards effectively played by Mr. Osborne, with whom Madame Dulcken carried on another trial of skill with renewed success. Everything, in short, went off charmingly; and we care not how soon we encounter a similar treat.

## ROYAL VAUXHALL GARDENS.

### LICENSED VICTUALLERS' FETE.

In our remarks upon this annual re-union we have a double point to consider: first, as is always the routine duty of the journalist, the style and manner and execution of the entertainment; and second, its objects and results. We trust that we have long since made it sufficiently apparent to the thinking members of the community that the pages of the *Mirror* are not the mere vehicles for conveying a record of the passing circumstances of the day, but the tracks by which mankind may watch the course of human progress as developed in its popular tastes, its amusements, and the bent and bias of its inclinations. We care little for the elements of recreation, but we place implicit stress upon its tendencies, and when we enter into our discursive chronicles of the diurnal moves on the great chess-board of life, it is not so much for the sake of furnishing a programme as of instilling a precept. Previous to detailing the doings at Vauxhall Gardens in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, let us consider for a moment the position of the promoters, and the design intended to be promoted. The calling of the publican is one of the most ancient in the world. The chequers on the door-posts of Pompeii prove its existence many thousand years ago, and in the archives of antiquity we learn that the principal seats of profligacy and the hot-beds of treason have invariably been the wine-shops. In the early history of our own land the tapster, the drunkard, and the thief, were inseparables; but it was reserved for the hand of improvement to effect a change, and we now find the host of our modern houses of entertainment to be a different class of being from the conductors of the olden hostel. Much of this may be attributed to the regulations of Government with respect to the trade in general, but still more to the requirements which throw the publican into close connexion with the statesman, the noble, and the traveller. The inn is the natural house of all without a settled locality; the hotel is the mansion of a family on its transit from place to place; whilst the peculiar character of the trade renders the house of the licensed victualler the best possible place for meetings on public occasions, as it affords facilities for discussions, and for procuring refreshment on the spot, when the physical powers have been exhausted by the mental ones. The same argument may be advanced in favour of seeking amusement under the roof of the publican, hence the importance of his position has called into the trade a different race of men to those who formerly viewed themselves as mere caterers for tipplers; and the licensed victualler of the present day is rather to be viewed as a man engaged in aiding the onward movements of society than in gratifying its worst propensities. The fact of our assertion is best proved by the evidence of experience. Taken as a body, there is not a more influential class than the respectable licensed victuallers of this country. They assist in giving spread to liberal opinions and enlightened views. They hold themselves aloof from all other professions, and appear determined to elevate themselves in the esteem of mankind at large by the establishment of institutions which shall secure the education and future respectability of their successors, and give not only a reputable but a comfortable home to members in the decadence of their fortunes. And this is not effected with a niggard hand, nor is the donation of the publican doled out in items such as those which raise our sneers in the ordinary subscription lists for the unfortunate. He gives with a liberal impulse from an ample store; he weighs and calculates the *per centage* to be reaped in the shape of social improvement, and he determines to become a benefactor and an apostle, let the rest of mankind be ever so sluggish in following the example. Thus actuated, and thus acting, the great body of which we speak has founded three of the foremost institutions in Great Britain. It has erected in the Kennington-road a palace replete with comfort, and unsurpassed for the salubrity of its arrangements, for myriads of fatherless children, who in the ordinary course of events must but for such a refuge have become the outcasts of society. And what is done with these little creatures? Do they, like Dominic Sampson, imbibe their potations at the parish pump? Do they, in imitation of the boys of Christchurch, wear the badge of charity to become a mark for the finger of scorn? Are they

made to learn by rote what they cannot by any mental process comprehend? Let the potentates of other lands who have visited the place reply. Let Prince Albert, who is a judge—and a good judge, too—of such matters, take upon himself to answer. Above all, let the heart of the publican's widow, and the proud feelings of his orphan's mother, speak to the ennobling fact, that the cares and tenderness of home attend the urchin to his glorious refuge; that he is clad like other boys of respectable parentage; that his feelings are studied and his intellects cultivated; that he is made to consider himself the partaker of a right instead of the recipient of a bounty; and that if anything remarkably amusing or instructive is going forward in public his liberally-remunerated and judicious task-masters are on the look out for procuring him a holiday, that he may not only participate in the amusements of the rest of the boyocracy, but come in for something in the shape of a slice of plum-cake into the bargain. Is not this enough to make the coldest hearted glow with philanthropy? The next institution provided by the same hand that fills the glass of conviviality is the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, a place equalling the Charter House in the excellence and liberality of its arrangements, and, as a residence, one that would be selected by many as best calculated for all the requirements of declining life. It is not an alms-house—it is not a workhouse—but it is an English mansion, at the threshold of which Misfortune leaves her sorrows to bask in a sun that will strew with flowers her pathway to the grave. When will the day arrive for the extension of such a scheme throughout a nation? It is to be effected, and our most fervent aspirations are that it shortly will. The third establishment by which the licensed victuallers have signalised themselves is a similar one to the foregoing for the widows of publicans, and thus has been completed a measure that places under the immediate hand of Providence the needy, the widow, and the orphan. We will not attempt to disturb, by any remarks of our own, the solemn reflections which must arise in the mind of the reader, on finding that such has been effected by a class formerly considered insignificant, and without the aid of the ruling powers. It will speak brightly in the pages of the history of the world, when its volume is finally unclosed, and prove that happiness might have been secured throughout the earth by the exercise of similar sympathy and foresight. It is unnecessary to extend our article beyond saying that on the 9th and 10th ultimo, Vauxhall Gardens presented a scene of greater festivity than has been witnessed there for many years. The patrician was there, and "mine host of the Red Lion" and the "Marquis of Granby." The peeress traversed the walks in satin, and the untitled maiden floated by her side, with no jewel but her eyes, no finery beyond a muslin frock. The boys and girls of the Asylum were there laughing, shouting, and sporting, like the privileged aristocrats of a boarding-school at a breaking up. The lamps and music were as usual the theme of universal admiration; but the observed of all observers was the youth Hernandez, who seemed to appreciate the occasion and exert himself at "the top of his excellence." Professor Risley's Bowling Saloon also drew lots of company, and the assortment of American drinks, prepared by Woolridge, was discussed to an incalculable extent by professional judges indigenous to this side of the Atlantic. The consumption of wine was enormous, and we must say that Messrs. Lawford and Maitland, the caterers, had every reason to be proud of the encomiums passed upon it by the great body of English licensed victuallers present. On each day of the fête the gardens were thronged to excess.

On Wednesday, the 25th, the veteran aeronaut, Mr. Green, made an ascent from these gardens, in the Nassau balloon, accompanied by several other persons; but we are sorry to record that three gentlemen were prematurely landed on the roof of a house in the London-road, owing to the car of the balloon coming in contact with the coping stone. The machine then shot like a rocket into the air, with all the ladies of the party fortunately uninjured. These consisted of Miss Gascoigne, Mrs. Green, Mrs. W. Green, and Miss Green. It appears that Mr. Green, jun., who was one of the party, had inadvertently permitted an escape of gas by pulling the valve line entrusted to his care. The cord was recovered by the ladies, who were then presented by Mr. Green with a glass of sherry in the air, and the voyage was terminated in safety, near Purfleet. The intrepid veteran has since made a night ascent in perfect safety.

### SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

#### FETE OF THE DRAPERS' ASSISTANTS' INSTITUTION.

On Thursday, the 12th ult., the Surrey Zoological Gardens were devoted to the purposes of a fête in aid of the funds of the Drapers' Assistants' Institution, one of the most extensive combinations for useful purposes in the Metropolis, as it embraces the silk mercers, haberdashers, gloves, hosiers, and every branch of the drapery business,

and comprises a large and important fraction of the respectable and intelligent portion of the community; thanks to a free press that has brought such masses together to openly discuss their claims upon the respect of society and their right to advance as it progresses, instead of meeting, like the "*prentice confederates*" of more troublous times, to brood over treasonable plots and seek redress through the medium of violence. We saw many a noble and philanthropic countenance expand while glancing over the masses of intellectual and well-bred young men who thronged the gardens on that evening, to exchange during a few hours the cares of business for the invigorating recreation of fresh air and free exercise—the charms of music and the wonders of Nature—the great events of history illustrated by the graphic powers of art. To the credit of the concourse be it spoken not a single unpleasantness or disturbance occurred throughout the day—although there could not have been fewer than twelve or fourteen thousand persons assembled. There was no practical joking nor indiscretion, but all was conducted with the propriety that would have marked the affair had it come off in the gardens at Chiswick. Such was the concourse that our reporter counted nearly two thousand cabriolets drawn up two deep in the vicinity of the scene, in addition to an extraordinary number of private carriages. The entertainments were varied for the occasion, and Jullien and his renowned band exerted themselves even more effectually than usual. "God save the Queen" was received with the most loyal demonstrations of enthusiasm, and the storming of Badajoz created a similar *furor*, after which the immense crowd dispersed as peaceably as it arrived. To the credit of those gentlemen who superintend the above important branches of trade we are happy to record that with few exceptions the mercers, drapers, and hosiers throughout the Metropolis closed their shops on the occasion at five o'clock—some as early as four. This looks well.

On the 21st M. Jullien gave his third Monster Concert, and brought together all the attractions formerly offered at Exeter Hall. The weather was unpropitious; but, undismayed by the pelting of the pitiless storm, his patrons flocked around him to the number of between five and six thousand. The programme alone would fill several of our pages, the performance lasting from five until nearly eleven o'clock. The first part comprised the overture and selections from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, followed by a miscellaneous collection of popular pieces, and Jullien's arrangement of "God Save the Queen." The second part included the whole of David's *Desert*; and the third part a selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The whole was worthy of the highest commendation.

#### CREMORNE GARDENS.

The spirited lessee of this delightful place of amusement has taken advantage of the surpassingly-beautiful weather that has distinguished the past month to re-introduce the aquatic *fetes* which, it will be remembered, formed such popular features of the last season. These consist in swimming matches, aquatic tournaments, and natatic feats of the utmost dexterity; tasking the best abilities of Pewtress, the champion of the Thames, and several other leading swimmers. The old sport of walking the pole has been again revived, and affords much amusement. It consists of the attempt by the competitors to grasp a flag affixed to the end of a pole extending horizontally above the Thames, and along which the competitors are obliged to walk ere they can reach the prize. Of course innumerable slips occur during the trial, and a sound ducking is the consequence. The other portions of this department of the entertainments are equally diverting. In the grounds everything that is attractive has been concentrated, and every effort is made to preserve an unbroken chain of amusement. On Monday and Tuesday, the 23rd and 24th ult., grand day and night galas were given in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' School. These were conducted on a scale of great splendour, and comprised every species of attraction. An ascent was made by Lieutenant Gale, the renowned aeronaut, in the "Royal Cremorne" balloon; from which a discharge of fireworks took place as it soared towards the heights of empyrean. Herr Hengler, the unrivalled rope-dancer, also executed his surprising dexterity, to the delight of the multitude; and the no less celebrated dwarfs appeared in their *petite* entertainment of "St. James's in the Olden Time; or, the Court of Queen Anne." This elicited great applause. Then followed *Napoleon's Generosity*; or *The Conscript's Bride*, a serious ballet of action of great merit. Added to these, were marble groupings in the open theatre, with a complimentary device to the institution. These were arranged by the celebrated Mr. T. Thompson, and created considerable admiration. The Casino d'Ete, conducted by M. Laurent, was another feature of the entertainments; which concluded with the storming of Moulton, depicted with the fidelity almost of real life. The gardens

have been daily crowded, and the present season bids fair to be the most prosperous Mr. Ellis has yet experienced.

### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

There is always something valuable to be learned at the above important institution, but seldom have we to record a feature of so much interest as the lecture of Dr. Bachoffner, during the month, on the recently-invented ice machine of Mr. Masters, of Regent-street, and which is capable, within the short space of ten minutes, of producing ice in a temperature of boiling heat. Such a discovery must prove inestimable, and give the means of restoring health and preserving life in climates where the luxury of an ice has been hitherto unknown; at sea, too, and in hospitals, it will prove invaluable; while in households where good tables are kept, it must shortly become in constant requisition. Mr. Masters has mastered one of the difficulties of nature, and it is to be hoped that he will not miss an ample reward. We advise all our readers to attend the institution for the purpose of hearing the implement explained.

## OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

### D'ALMAINE AND CO.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP'S EDITION OF HANDEL'S WORKS.—*ACIS AND GALATEA. ISRAEL IN EGYPT.*—In noticing a re-issue of these time-famous works we are spared the necessity of entering critically into their merits, as those have been so long and so often proclaimed by the trumpet of fame that the merest tyro in music is familiar with them. But that consideration does not preclude us from speaking of the admirable manner in which the work is edited by Sir Henry Bishop, or the excellence of the piano-forte accompaniments, which he has adapted from the score. We recommend the work to both proficient and students, as the inexpensive form in which it is published will enable the first to possess the great productions of the renowned *maestro* at a small outlay, and the second to early imbue their tastes with strains from the very fount of excellence. It is admirably got up in a compact portable form, and printed with great neatness and care. Each number consists of sixteen pages imperial quarto, printed from engraved plates; and we cannot compliment the publishers too highly for the manner in which they have commenced their series of works, which are destined to wear the perpetual crown of immortality.

JEANNIE AND DONALD. Words by Stuart Farquharson, Esq.; music by G. A. Hodson.—This is one of the numerous ballads which the genius of the Scottish muse has from time to time called forth in this country. The words convey the remembrances from a lover to his mistress of their early walks "when the streamlet sparkled clear," and when they exchanged their first vows of affection. They are prettily written, without much pretension. The music is in the Scottish style, and closely resembles the old ballads by which, from time immemorial, the hearths of its natives have been enlivened. The title-page is embellished with a sweetly-drawn frontispiece, in which the ancient lovers are represented as "croning" over their reminiscences of "Auld lang syne." The theme much resembles the "John Anderson, my Jo" of Robert Burns, to which song the drawing in question would serve as a suitable illustration.

OF WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, JENNY?—I'M THINKING OF THEE, JAMIE! Sung by Miss Birch.—To these songs we have the names of neither author nor composer, but whoever these may be their repose will never be disturbed by the acclamations of fame with respect to the two works before us. Both songs might have been comprised in a short duet. The first is the civil morning salutation of an elderly gentleman, who perceiving his *cara sposa* to be deep in thought politely inquires what she is thinking about. The second is the lady's reply, in which she informs her "good man" that she is thinking of him. It is in the same key as the former, although the rhythm is altered, and it possesses even less pretensions to originality than the one first-mentioned; on that account, however, it may not perhaps become less popular, as part of it reminds us of the favourite transatlantic lay of "Rosa Lee." The title-page is in blue ink, and arranged in a form of originality that might have been imitated with advantage by the composer.



# LITERARY MIRROR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SIR REGINALD MOHUN, BART.  
Done in verse by George John Cayley. Canto First. Pickering. 1849.

There is very little originality in anything now, which causes us to welcome with more than ordinary cordiality anything which may claim the merit of novelty. We have books of all sorts, sizes, shapes, and qualities presented to us season after season, on every possible variety of subject, in prose and rhyme; we have newspapers, and quarterlies, and magazines, many of them very insignificant in their way, but they most of them tread in the old paths, spring into existence, pursue their course to success or failure, and sink into oblivion over the beaten way which has been hardened by the footsteps of a hundred generations, without attempt at originality or invention. Occasionally, however, a novelty appears over this blank horizon, and among those of the present day is this first canto of "The Adventures of Sir Reginald Mohun. Done into verse by Mr. George John Cayley." Mr. Cayley has many original ideas, and a somewhat original mode of expressing them; but he has also lingering in his head some very old notions, which it will be well for him to abandon, ere he proceeds with his task. We look forward with pleasure to the succeeding cantos of the poem, but shall be annoyed if we find in them any of those cant phrases, such as, speaking of the Continent—

"There reigns the mob;"

or, in allusion to the growing hatred of oligarchy, which increases with the spread of common sense :—

"In our good land of England there are yet  
Some stalwart stems, whose sap of ancient blood  
Still pulses fresh in the untainted wood."

As if Timothy Tomkins hadn't as long a line of ancestors as the proudest humbug whom the folly of weak ages has dubbed a duke! They all came from Adam, we believe; but if Mr. Cayley can mention any noble families whose lineage runs beyond the Garden of Eden, then we shall see some sense in his "sap of ancient blood;" but until then, our ignorance leads us to consider the blood of a cobbler as pure as the blood of a king, and very often purer.

We notice these little eccentricities with regret, for the rest of the poem deserves much praise. It is satirical, with smoothly-flowing verse, and occasionally a touch of genuine poetry to lighten up the more humble pages. Mr. Cayley commences with a poetical introduction, in which, having prefaced by saying that rhyme still has its readers, and that those unhappy mortals who declare the contrary only say so because their own imaginations are dry, proceeds to explain that, unless public favour welcome this, his first essay, he shall withhold the rest of the poem. We trust, then, that for our own gratification, as well as for that of our readers, the merits of the thing will be appreciated; for we really wish to read more of Sir Reginald's adventures; not exactly from their own intrinsic interest as from our author's happy mode of narrating them, and the lively strain in which he dilates on topics as they happen to fall within the range of his subject. He tells us that he is sincere in all he says :—

"That which I think I shall write down; without  
A drop of paint or varnish. Therefore pray  
Whatever I may chance to rhyme about  
Read it without the shadow of a doubt."

We are very well content to obey this injunction, except where Mr. Cayley allows his fancy to run riot in the glories of "ancient blood," and "stalwart stems," "dear aristocracies," and such things; and where he sneers at the rapture of the "true patriots," at the "piteous plight" of the Continent. Piteous plight as it is, what could be worse than the plight in which Europe found itself when those miserable incarnations of gross selfishness and despotism, Louis Philippe, Ferdinand of Naples, the Emperor of Austria and the rest of that horde of crowned ruffians, exercised their odious will without let or hindrance? With these exceptions, we say, we can consent to go along hand and glove our author,—especially where he says,

"Have you a heart?—gold is the thing to harden it;"  
and proceeds to discuss the question of the standard of value, bank notes, and bullion.

"The landed interest, now scarce worth a button."

The less it is worth the better, if worth means influence; for its influence has never been exerted for aught but evil.

"Wise were the augurers of old, nor erred  
In substance, deeming that the life of man  
(This is a new reflection—spick and span)  
May be much influenced by the flight of bird!  
Our senate can no longer hold their house  
When culminates the evil star of grouse—"

If not a very new reflection, it is at least a very true one; for every one knows that our legislators for the most part bestow more attention on their shooting and their fishing, and other contemptible follies, than on the affairs of the nation. Their empty heads find more pleasure in slaughtering partridges than in attending to those high duties to which the restricted suffrage of the people has elected them; and it is only through that most pernicious of all influence, the aristocratic influence, that they are enabled with impunity to make fools of themselves, and to waste the time, money, and energies of the country. Our author is of our mind in this matter:—

"I really have no taste at all for shooting."

he says. Neither have we. Yet he contrives to describe with graphic truth the incidents of a day's sporting, breakfast, a walk along a rugged, shadowy dell, a trip on the water, and many other scenes and pictures which make up the sum of the first canto's contents. A clever poetical imitation of G. P. R. James is given. But we must not follow Mr. Cayley any longer. Our readers must peruse his poem for themselves; and we recommend them so to do. They will find it an exceedingly clever production, characterised by some genuine satire and some true poetry, which float over the more sober current of the narrative like bubbles on a stream, which is itself bright, but where they are the brightest.

THE ROYAL ETCHINGS. A Statement of Facts. By Jasper Tomsett Judge. William Strange, junr.

Everybody has heard of the celebrated Chancery case of Prince Albert *v.* Strange, the well-known publisher of Paternoster-row, Judge, and others, and which will doubtless terminate with the ruin of every person connected with the defence. It will be remembered that an injunction was sought and obtained to prohibit the defendants from publishing certain catalogues and royal etchings executed by her Majesty and Prince Albert, and which the prince, in an affidavit of some length, alleged to be the personal property of her Majesty and himself, and that, as all impressions were worked from a private press in the palace, all copies obtained by the defendant must have been stolen. This, backed by other affidavits, decided the Vice-Chancellor in finding for the plaintiffs. Mr. Judge has, however, in the work before us, clearly proved that every impression was worked off at the office of Mr. Brown, a letter-press and copper-plate printer residing at Windsor. If this be really the case, the tide of freedom in this country is rolling back, and despotism making a struggle to resume the sway which it has cost centuries to annihilate. Royalty has its rights as well as the community at large; but these must be protected by truth and justice, and not by falsehood and oppression. As far as we can infer from Mr. Judge's pamphlet, the rights of the subject have been egregiously infringed. Some soiled copies of the etchings were fairly purchased by Mr. Judge of a person in the employ of the printer, and we conceive that he was lawfully empowered to make the best use of the bargain. We will not trespass upon the reader with extracts, as it is necessary that the entire book should be perused in order to arrive at a due estimate of the question. It is ably and elaborately written, and abounds throughout with interest; containing the fullest possible account of the origin, object, and progress of the several suits instituted against the defendants. It has a well-written preface, and is divided into five parts. The first, after some preliminary remarks of great importance, furnishes the affidavit of Prince Albert, and develops its tendencies. We then have a detail of the precipitate course of the proceedings, with significant observations on the errors at the onset and the hardships of professional etiquette. The part concludes with other affidavits, which will be read with much interest. Part II. contains the order of the proceedings in the case of William Strange. Part III. furnishes a narrative of facts relating to the royal etchings from 1840 to 1848. Part IV. carries on the narrative through the proceedings in Chancery against the author himself; and Part V. develops a number of circumstances not connected with the suit, but which unfold "the secrets of the palace" to a considerable extent. These contain some extraordinary disclosures, and we advise every man who feels a concern for the liberty of his country to possess himself of a copy of the work and give it an attentive perusal.